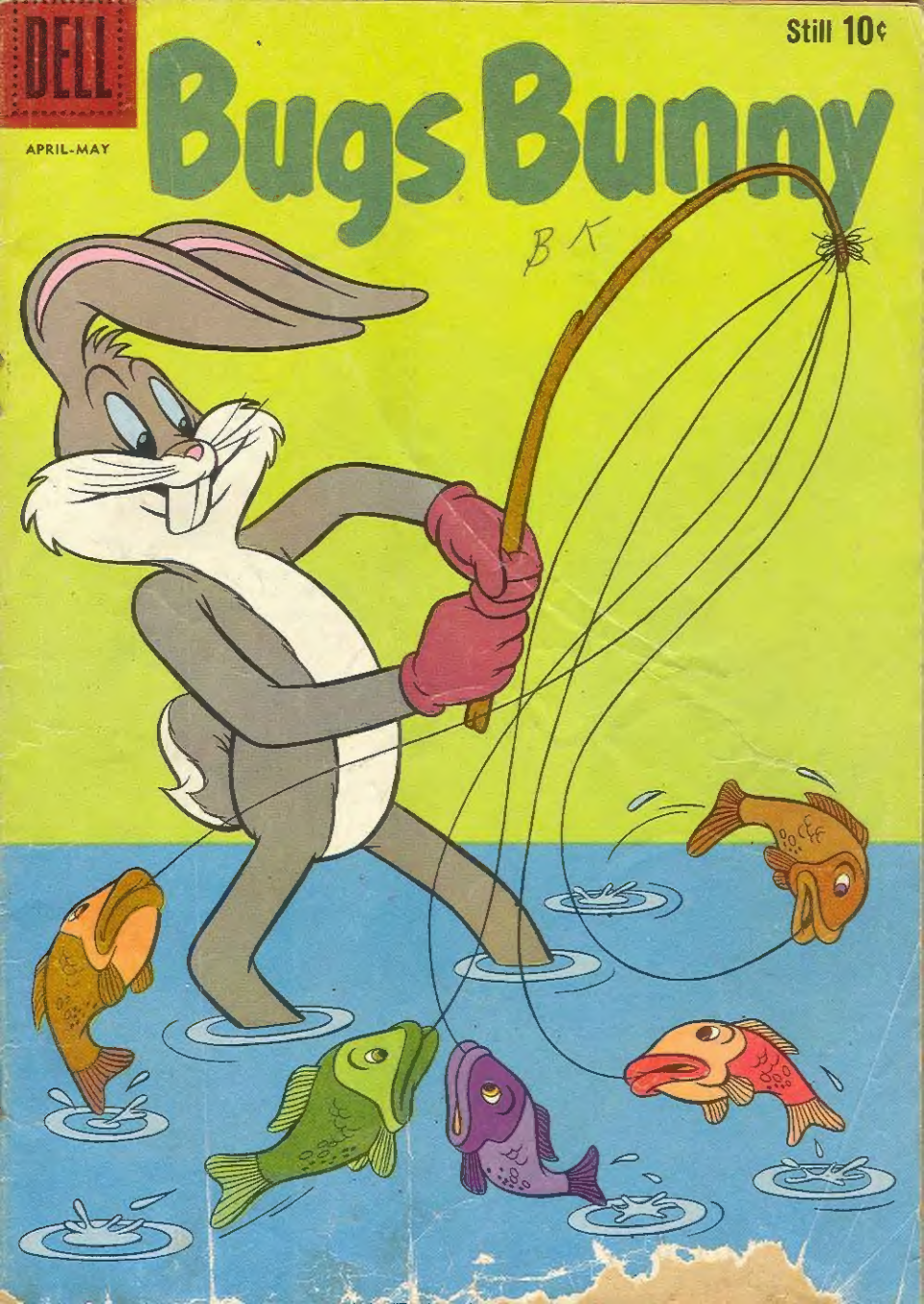
DELL

APRIL-MAY

Still 10¢

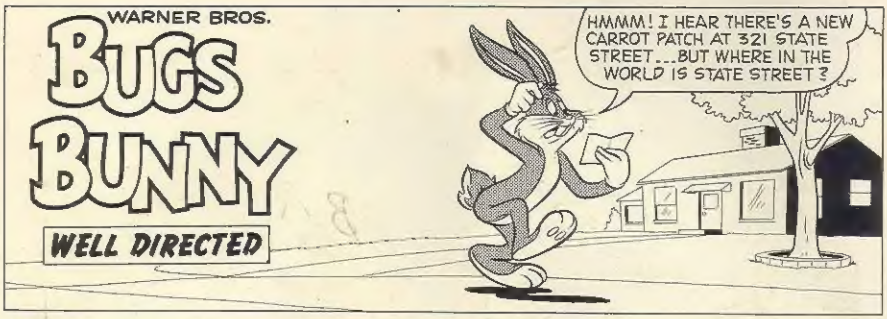
# Bugs Bunny

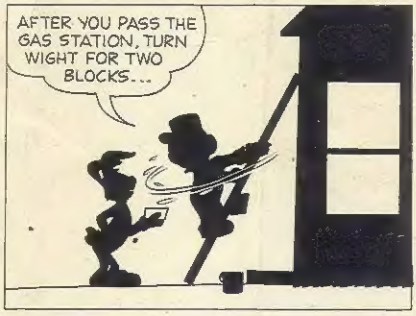


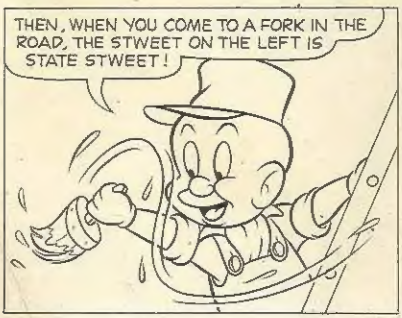
WARNER BROS.

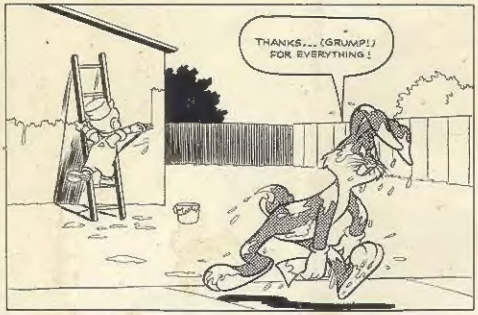
# BUGS BUNNY

## WELL DIRECTED





WARNER BROS.

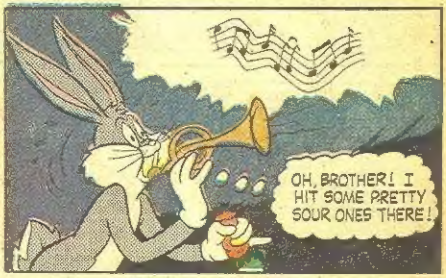
Bugs Bunny

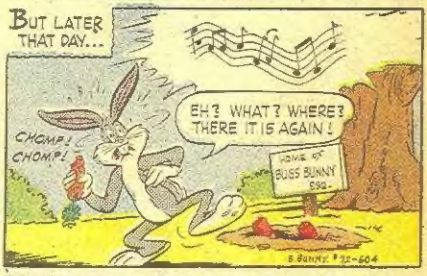
# BEWITCHED BAZZOONS

BUGS IS RUMMAGING THROUGH SOME ODDS AND ENDS HIS OLD GRANDPAPPY LEFT HIM YEARS AGO...

WELL; WELL! SOME KIND OF A LITTLE OLD MUSICAL HORN! GRANDPAPPY MUST HAVE GOTTEN THIS IN AFRICA OR SOMEPLACE!

CHOMP! CHOMP!



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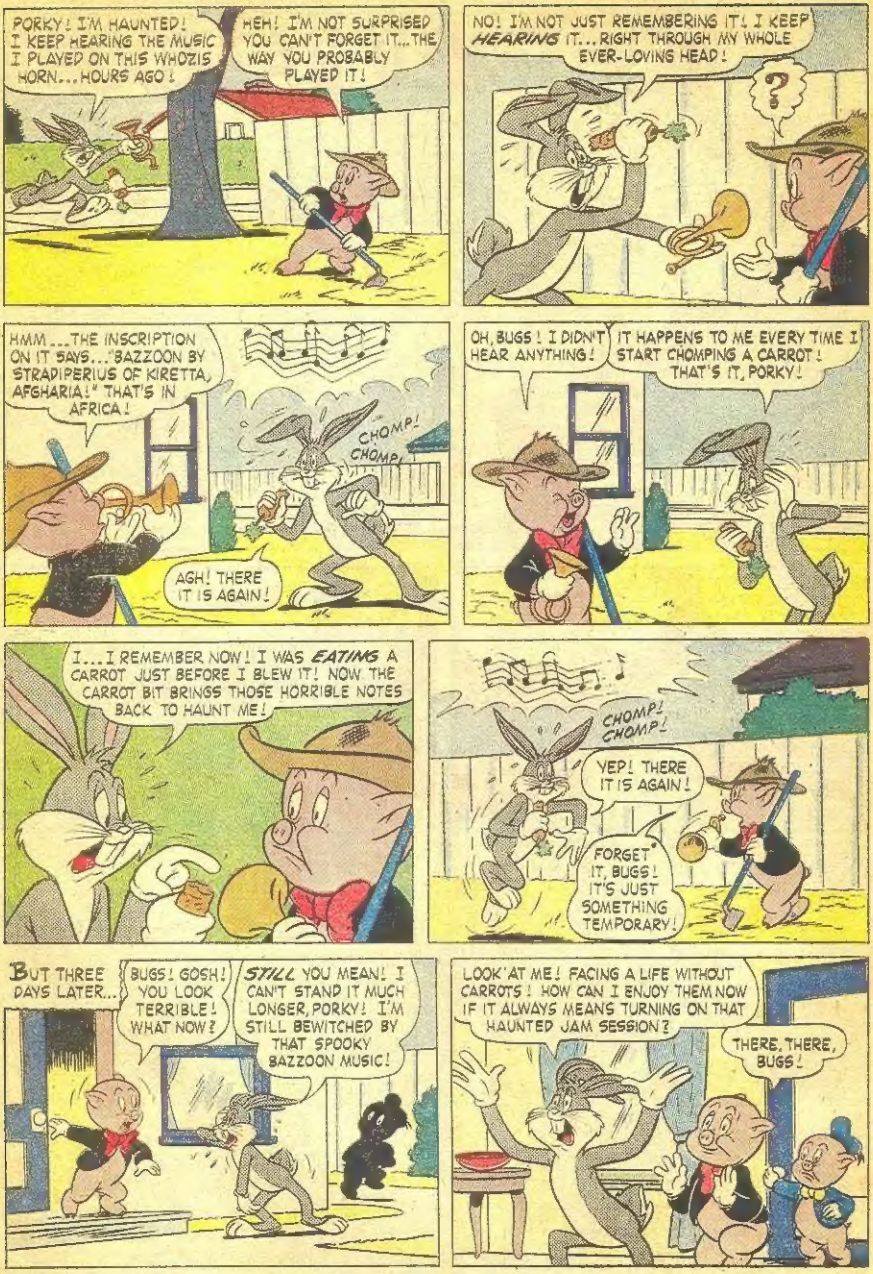
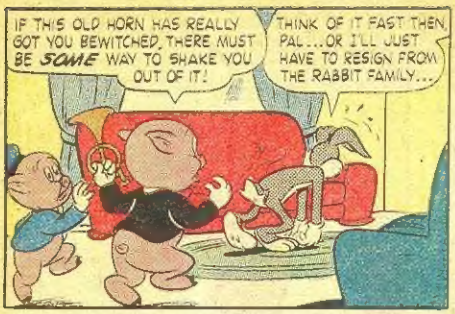
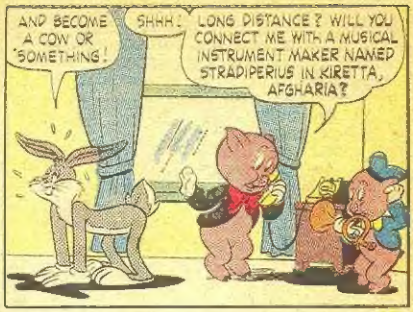
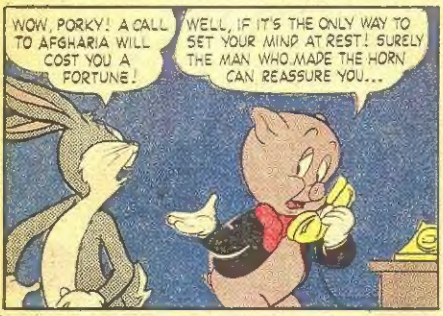
DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS


PORKY! I'M HAUNTED! I KEEP HEARING THE MUSIC I PLAYED ON THIS WHOZIS HORN... HOURS AGO!
HEH! I'M NOT SURPRISED YOU CAN'T FORGET IT... THE WAY YOU PROBABLY PLAYED IT!
NO! I'M NOT JUST REMEMBERING IT! I KEEP HEARING IT... RIGHT THROUGH MY WHOLE EVER-LOVING HEAD!
?
HMM... THE INSCRIPTION ON IT SAYS... "BAZZOON BY STRADIPERIUS OF KIRETTA, AFGHARIA!" THAT'S IN AFRICA!
CHOMP! CHOMP!
AGH! THERE IT IS AGAIN!
OH, BUGS! I DIDN'T HEAR ANYTHING!
IT HAPPENS TO ME EVERY TIME I START CHOMPING A CARROT! THAT'S IT, PORKY!
I... I REMEMBER NOW! I WAS EATING A CARROT JUST BEFORE I BLEW IT! NOW THE CARROT BIT BRINGS THOSE HORRIBLE NOTES BACK TO HAUNT ME!
CHOMP! CHOMP!
YEP! THERE IT IS AGAIN!
FORGET IT, BUGS! IT'S JUST SOMETHING TEMPORARY!
BUT THREE DAYS LATER...
BUGS! GOSH! YOU LOOK TERRIBLE! WHAT NOW?
STILL YOU MEAN! I CAN'T STAND IT MUCH LONGER, PORKY! I'M STILL BEWITCHED BY THAT SPOOKY BAZZOON MUSIC!
LOOK AT ME! FACING A LIFE WITHOUT CARROTS! HOW CAN I ENJOY THEM NOW IF IT ALWAYS MEANS TURNING ON THAT HAUNTED JAM SESSION?
THERE, THERE, BUGS!


IF THIS OLD HORN HAS REALLY GOT YOU BEWITCHED, THERE MUST BE SOME WAY TO SHAKE YOU OUT OF IT!
THINK OF IT FAST THEN, PAL...OR I'LL JUST HAVE TO RESIGN FROM THE RABBIT FAMILY...


AND BECOME A COW OR SOMETHING!
SHHH!
LONG DISTANCE? WILL YOU CONNECT ME WITH A MUSICAL INSTRUMENT MAKER NAMED STRADIPERIUS IN KIRETTA, AFGHARIA?

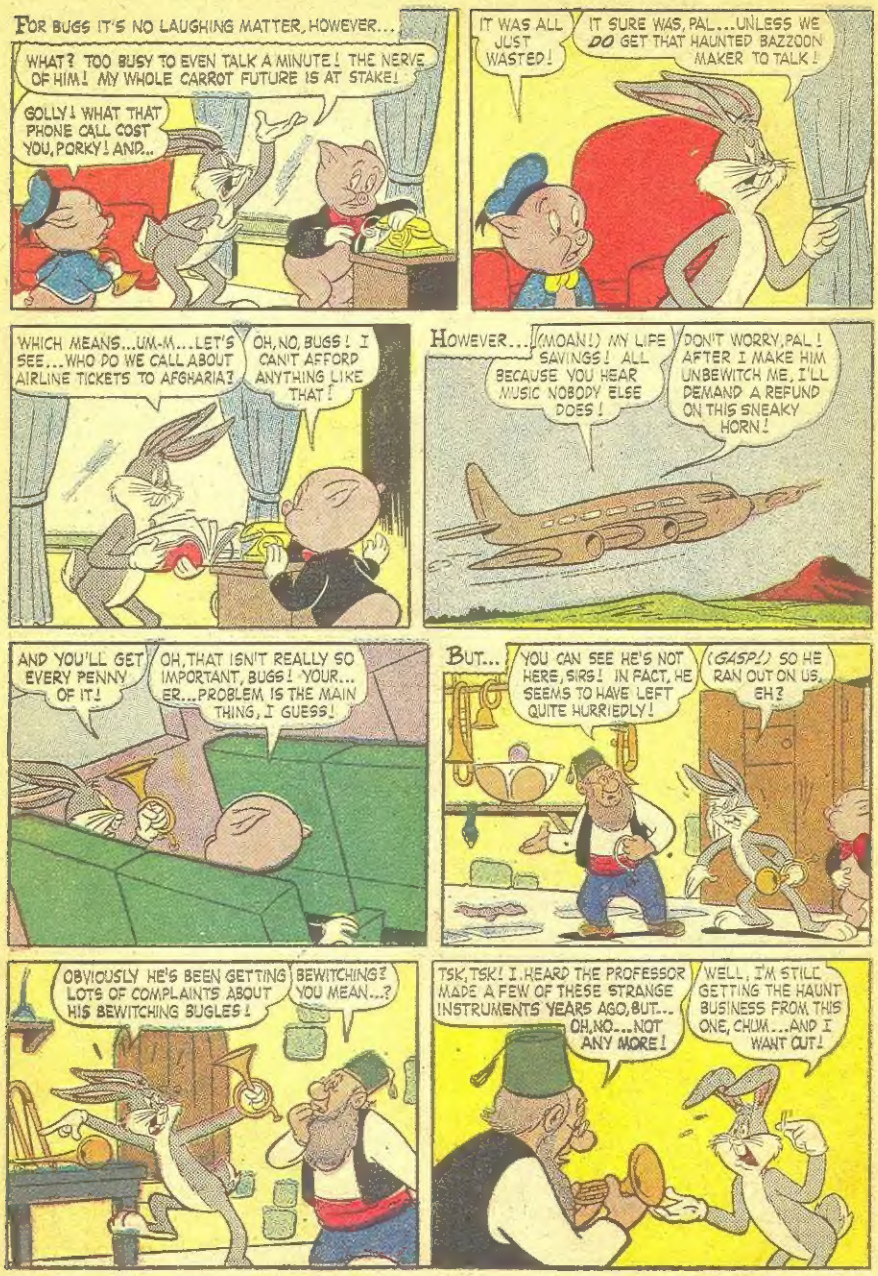

WOW, PORKY! A CALL TO AFGHARIA WILL COST YOU A FORTUNE!
WELL, IF IT'S THE ONLY WAY TO SET YOUR MIND AT REST! SURELY THE MAN WHO MADE THE HORN CAN REASSURE YOU...

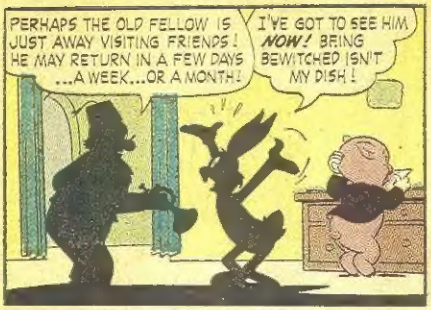
KIRETTA, AFGHARIA SPEAKING, SIR! IF YOU WILL BE PATIENT...THE GREAT STRADIPERIUS DOES NOT HAVE A PHONE...BUT THERE IS ONE IN THE CANDY STORE DOWNSTAIRS!

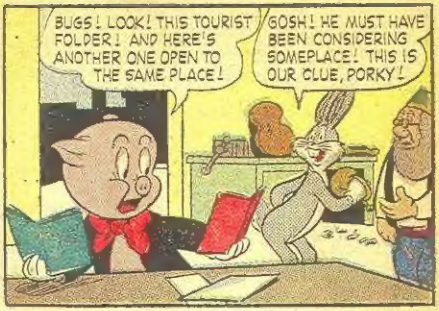
STRADIPERIUS
NO! NO! I DON'T CARE WHERE THE CALL IS COMING FROM! I CAN'T BE BOTHERED WITH TELEPHONES!
BUT, STRADIPERIUS...
IT SEEMS URGENT!

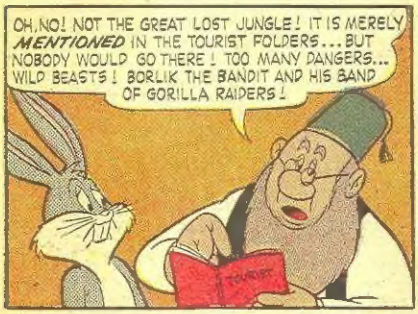
JUST GO AWAY! TELL THEM NOT TO BOTHER ME!
JUST GO AWAY! TELL THEM NOT TO BOTHER ME!

HAH! GOOD FOR YOU, PROFESSOR! YOU SPOKE YOUR PIECE VERY WELL!
YOUR BUSINESS WITH YOU IS MORE IMPORTANT THAN PHONE CALLS... DO YOU NOT AGREE? HEH, HEH!
NO...ER...YES ...PERHAPS! HEH, HEH!

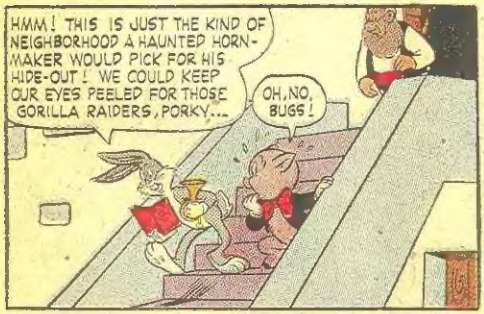

FOR BUGS IT'S NO LAUGHING MATTER, HOWEVER...
WHAT? TOO BUSY TO EVEN TALK A MINUTE! THE NERVE OF HIM! MY WHOLE CARROT FUTURE IS AT STAKE!
GOLLY! WHAT THAT PHONE CALL COST YOU, PORKY! AND...
IT WAS ALL JUST WASTED!
IT SURE WAS, PAL...UNLESS WE DO GET THAT HAUNTED BAZZOON MAKER TO TALK!
WHICH MEANS...UM-M...LET'S SEE...WHO DO WE CALL ABOUT AIRLINE TICKETS TO AFGHARIA?
OH, NO, BUGS! I CAN'T AFFORD ANYTHING LIKE THAT!
HOWEVER...
(MOAN!) MY LIFE SAVINGS! ALL BECAUSE YOU HEAR MUSIC NOBODY ELSE DOES!
DON'T WORRY, PAL! AFTER I MAKE HIM UNBEWITCH ME, I'LL DEMAND A REFUND ON THIS SNEAKY HORN!
AND YOU'LL GET EVERY PENNY OF IT!
OH, THAT ISN'T REALLY SO IMPORTANT, BUGS! YOUR... ER...PROBLEM IS THE MAIN THING, I GUESS!
BUT...
YOU CAN SEE HE'S NOT HERE, SIRS! IN FACT, HE SEEMS TO HAVE LEFT QUITE HURRIEDLY!
(GASP!) SO HE RAN OUT ON US, EH?
OBVIOUSLY HE'S BEEN GETTING LOTS OF COMPLAINTS ABOUT HIS BEWITCHING BUGLES!
BEWITCHING? YOU MEAN...?
TSK, TSK! I HEARD THE PROFESSOR MADE A FEW OF THESE STRANGE INSTRUMENTS YEARS AGO, BUT... OH, NO...NOT ANY MORE!
WELL, I'M STILL GETTING THE HAUNT BUSINESS FROM THIS ONE, CHUM...AND I WANT OUT!


PERHAPS THE OLD FELLOW IS JUST AWAY VISITING FRIENDS! HE MAY RETURN IN A FEW DAYS ...A WEEK...OR A MONTH!
I'VE GOT TO SEE HIM, NOW! BEING BEWITCHED ISN'T MY DISH!


BUGS! LOOK! THIS TOURIST FOLDER! AND HERE'S ANOTHER ONE OPEN TO THE SAME PLACE!
GOSH! HE MUST HAVE BEEN CONSIDERING SOMEPLACE! THIS IS OUR CLUE, PORKY!


OH, NO! NOT THE GREAT LOST JUNGLE! IT IS MERELY MENTIONED IN THE TOURIST FOLDERS... BUT NOBODY WOULD GO THERE! TOO MANY DANGERS... WILD BEASTS! BORLIK THE BANDIT AND HIS BAND OF GORILLA RAIDERS!

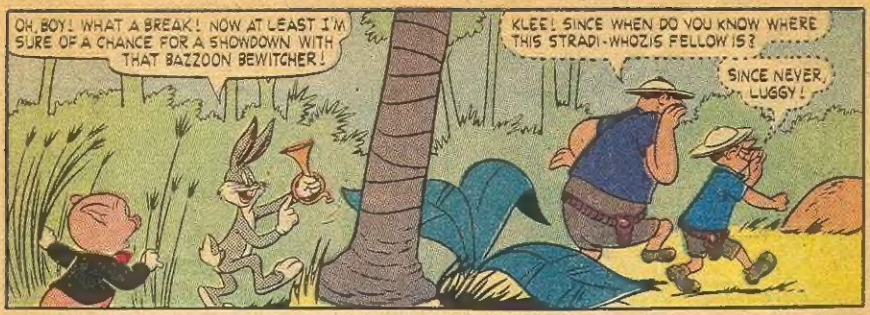
THEY USED TO MAKE RAIDS EVEN WAY OUT HERE IN THE CITY! WHY, THE WHOLE GORILLA BAND IS PROBABLY STILL OUT THERE!
THANKS FOR THE INFORMATION, CHUM!


HMM! THIS IS JUST THE KIND OF NEIGHBORHOOD A HAUNTED HORN-MAKER WOULD PICK FOR HIS HIDE-OUT! WE COULD KEEP OUR EYES PEELED FOR THOSE GORILLA RAIDERS, PORKY...
OH, NO, BUGS!

BUT WE'VE COME THIS FAR! I CAN'T GIVE UP NOW! I'VE GOT TO LOCATE THIS STRADIPERIUS CHARACTER. IT'S HIS HORN THAT PUT THIS MUSICAL SPELL ON ME!

BUT, BUGS...IN A FOREIGN COUNTRY... WE CAN'T JUST GO BLUNDERING UP INTO A DANGEROUS JUNGLE! WE WOULDN'T KNOW MISTER STRADIPERIUS EVEN IF WE DID FIND HIM!
YOU'RE RIGHT!

PARDON, KIND SIRS...WE ARE GUIDES! WE CAN LEAD YOU TO MISTER STRADIPERIUS ...AT THE USUAL RATES, OF COURSE!
YOU CAN? THEN YOU'RE HIRED, GENTS! LEAD THE WAY!


OH, BOY! WHAT A BREAK! NOW AT LEAST I'M SURE OF A CHANCE FOR A SHOWDOWN WITH THAT BAZZOON BEWITCHER!
KLEE! SINCE WHEN DO YOU KNOW WHERE THIS STRADI-WHOZIS FELLOW IS?
SINCE NEVER, LUGGY!

BUT WHAT A COZY WAY TO GET THESE PIGEONS OUT WHERE WE CAN PRIVATELY RELIEVE THEM OF THEIR VALUABLES!
OH! HEH, HEH!

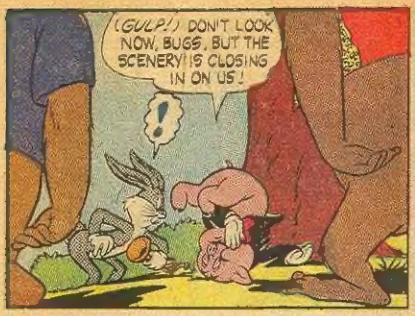
FINALLY...
NOW, MY FRIENDS...WE ARE FAR ENOUGH OUT IN THE WILDERNESS! KINDLY HAND OVER ALL YOUR GOODIES TO PAY US FOR ALL OUR TROUBLE!
WHAT?

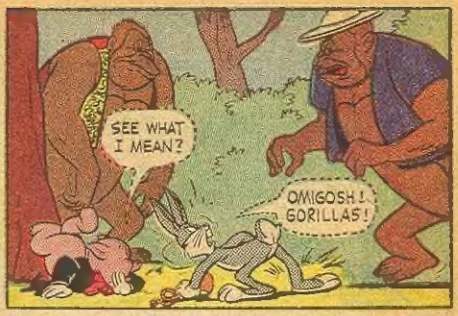
HEH...YOU'LL FIND WHOEVER YOU'RE LOOKING FOR JUST AS WELL WITH EMPTY POCKETS!
YOU'RE NOT GUIDES! IT WAS ALL JUST A TRICK TO GET US OUT HERE!

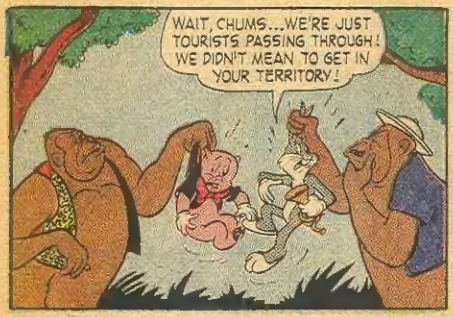
HUMPH! AND IT WAS HARDLY WORTH ALL THE TROUBLE!
NOTHING IN HIS HORN!
NO! DON'T BREAK IT! I MIGHT NEED IT...

YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO US, YOU BANDITS!
QUIET, FLOP EARS!
YOU'RE RIGHT, LUGGY! WE DON'T WANT TO DRAW THAT BANDIT BORLIK AND HIS GORILLAS!

I'LL TAKE A BAND OF GORILLAS TO YOU LOW-LIFERS ANY DAY!


(GULP!) DON'T LOOK NOW, BUGS, BUT THE SCENERY IS CLOSING IN ON US!
!


SEE WHAT I MEAN?
OMIGOSH! GORILLAS!


WAIT, CHUMS...WE'RE JUST TOURISTS PASSING THROUGH! WE DIDN'T MEAN TO GET IN YOUR TERRITORY!

BUGS! THE WAY THEY'RE DRESSED...THAT BANDIT BORLIK...HE MUST HAVE THEM *TRAINED!*
THEY'RE TAKING US TO HIM, I GUESS!

JEEPERS! IF THAT'S HIS PLACE...WHY, IT'S PRACTICALLY A MANSION!
PORKY! IT'S THAT *MUSIC* THAT'S POPPING MY EARDRUMS!

THAT TOOTING'S FROM A BAZZOON IF I EVER HEARD ONE!
WHAT A RACKET! NO WONDER IT HAUNTS YOU!

NO! NO! YOU MUST TONGUE IT MORE CAREFULLY! THE DESIGN OF MY INSTRUMENTS MAKES THEM VERY SENSITIVE TO...

LISTEN, PROFESSOR...IF IT WASN'T FOR THE DESIGN OF YOUR DANG INSTRUMENT IT WOULDN'T HAVE GOT ME HAUNTED IN THE FIRST PLACE!
(GASP!) HIM, TOO!
AND THE OLD FELLOW MUST BE...

BOSS! LOOK WHAT THE GORILLAS BROUGHT IN!
(GASP!) POLICE SPIES! DID THE OLD GEEZER TIP OFF SOMEBODY?

YES...ER...I MEAN NO...HEH...I'M JUST A WANDERING...ER...MUSICIAN...AND HERE'S MY BAZZOON TO PROVE IT!
SOME ROBBERS KIND OF ROUGHED IT UP!

BUT THIS IS WONDERFUL! YOU CAN SHOW THIS BANDIT IT IS TRUE WHAT I TELL HIM! IF HE CAN JUST LEARN TO PLAY SOMETHING RIGHT, THE SPELL OF HIS BEWITCHED BAZZOON WILL BE BROKEN!

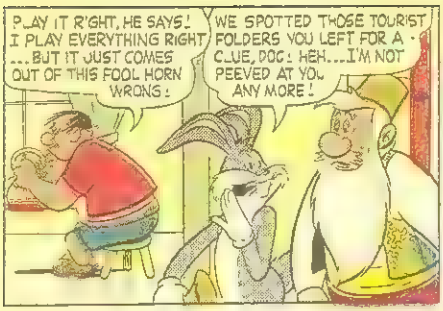
SO THAT'S HOW IT WORKS!
(SIGH!) I WAS SITTING ON MY STRONG BOX THE FIRST TIME I PLAYED IT! NOW EVERY TIME I THINK OF MONEY OR GOLD... IT TURNS ON UP HERE!

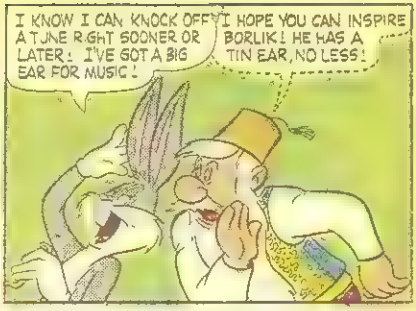
HOW CAN I ENJOY BEING A BANDIT IF I CAN'T EVEN THINK OF GOLD WITHOUT BEING HAUNTED?
IT WAS JUST TO PROVIDE AN INCENTIVE TO LEARN QUICKLY... THAT I MADE A FEW OF THESE BEWITCHED BAZZOONS! YOU CAN SHOW HIM THE REWARDS!

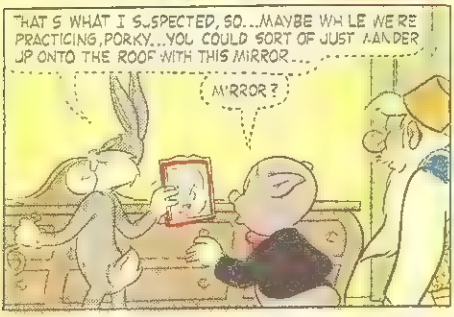
HEH...WELL, I'D LIKE TO DEMONSTRATE ON HIS, DOC...BUT CONFIDENTIALLY I CAME LOOKING FOR YOU, BECAUSE I'M IN THE SAME HAUNTED FIX HE IS!

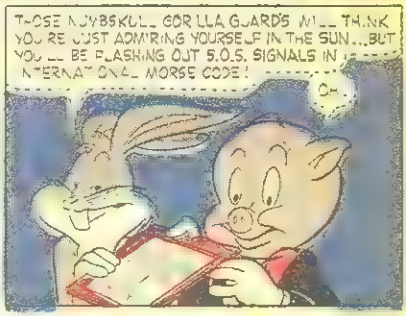
SO-Q! IT'S GOT HIM, TOO!? I'M LOSING MY PATIENCE, STRADIPERIUS! EITHER YOU TEACH ME GOOD ENOUGH TO GET ME UNBEWITCHED BEFORE OUR RAID TONIGHT OR... OR YOU'LL BE SORRY!

AND DON'T YOU TWO GET ANY IDEAS ABOUT LEAVING! TRY TO MAKE ONE STEP OUT OF HERE AND MY GORILLAS WILL BREAK YOU IN TWO! SAWY?
(GULP!) YES, SIR!

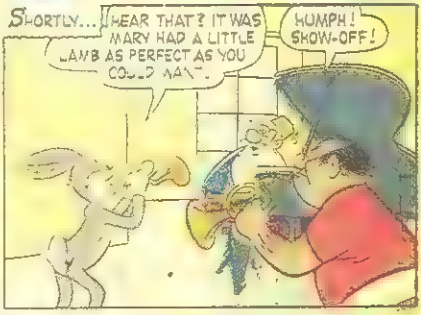

PLAY IT R'GHT, HE SAYS! I PLAY EVERYTHING RIGHT ...BUT IT JUST COMES OUT OF THIS FOOL HORN WRONG!
WE SPOTTED THOSE TOURIST FOLDERS YOU LEFT FOR A CLUE, DOC! HEH....I'M NOT PEEVED AT YOU ANY MORE!

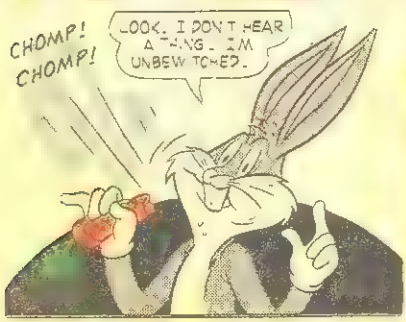

I KNOW I CAN KNOCK OFF A TUNE RIGHT SOONER OR LATER! I'VE GOT A BIG EAR FOR MUSIC!
I HOPE YOU CAN INSPIRE BORLIK! HE HAS A TIN EAR, NO LESS!

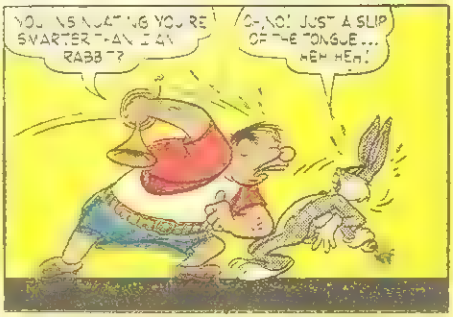

THAT'S WHAT I SUSPECTED, SO...MAYBE WHILE WE'RE PRACTICING, PORKY...YOU COULD SORT OF JUST WANDER UP ONTO THE ROOF WITH THIS MIRROR...
MIRROR?

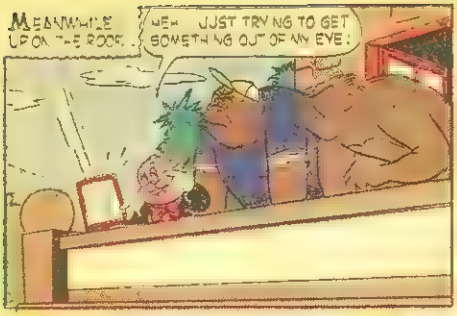

THOSE NOVBSKULL GORILLA GUARDS WILL THINK YOU'RE JUST ADMIRING YOURSELF IN THE SUN...BUT YOU'LL BE FLASHING OUT S.O.S. SIGNALS IN INTERNATIONAL MORSE CODE!
OH.

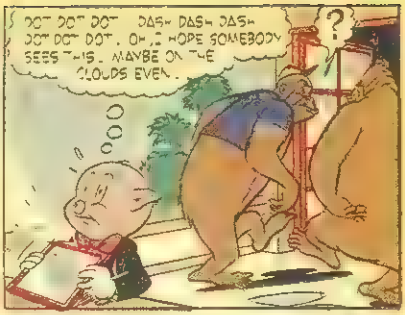
TONIGHT WORK: WE ARE DEEP IN THE JUNGLE...BUT A PLANE MAY SEE THE FLASHES AND REPORT TO THE ARMY POST.
WELL, COME ON... LET'S PRACTICE!


SHORTLY...
HEAR THAT? IT WAS MARY HAD A LITTLE LAMB AS PERFECT AS YOU COULD WANT.
HUMPH! SHOW-OFF!

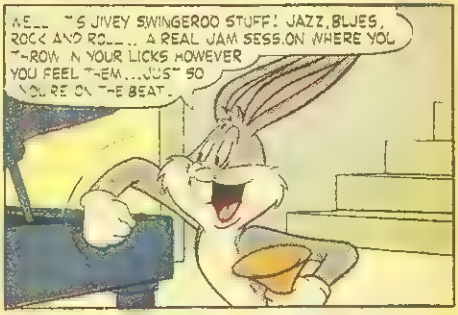

CHOMP! CHOMP!
LOOK, I DON'T HEAR ANYTHING. I AM UNBEWITCHED.

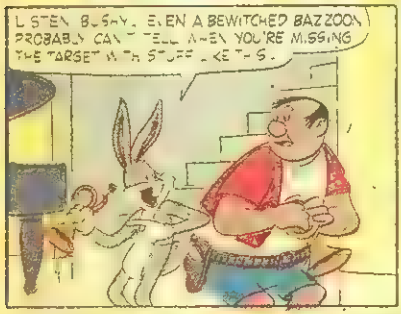

YOU'RE BOASTING YOU'RE SMARTER THAN I AM RABBIT?
OH-NO! JUST A SLIP OF THE TONGUE... HEM HEM!

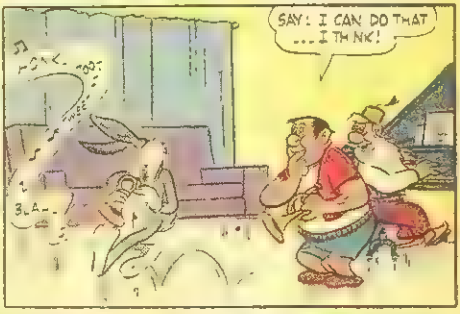

MEANWHILE UPON THE ROOF...
WEH... JUST TRYING TO GET SOMETHING OUT OF MY EYE!

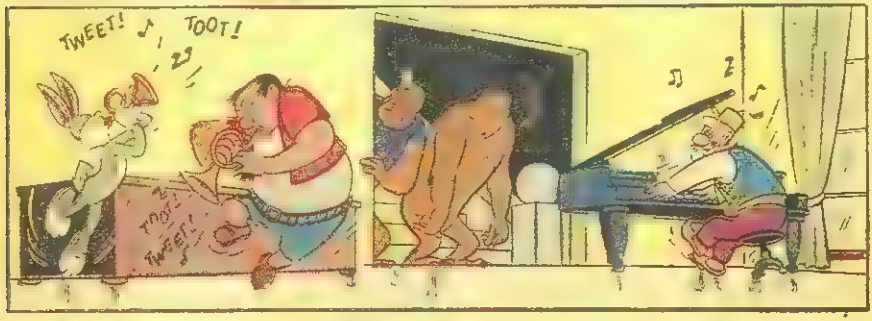

DOT DOT DOT... DASH DASH DASH DOT DOT DOT. OH, I HOPE SOMEBODY SEES THIS. MAYBE ON THE CLOUDS EVEN.
?

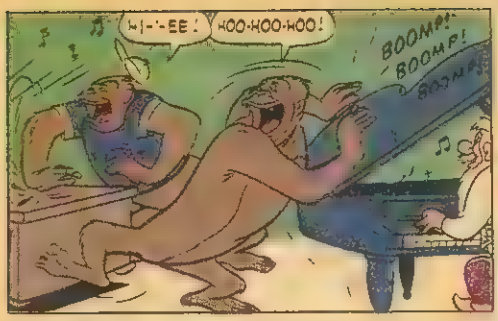
ER...YOU KNOW, DOC...BACK HOME THERE'S A SORT OF MUSIC THAT'S PRACTICALLY IMPOSSIBLE TO PLAY WRONG!
HOW COULD SUCH A THING BE?

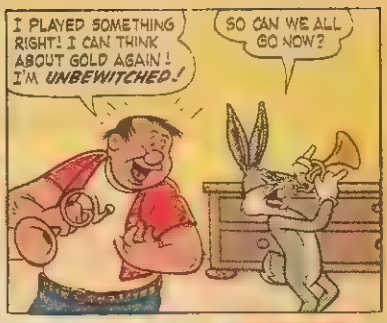

WELL... THIS JIVEY SWINGEROO STUFF! JAZZ, BLUES, ROCK AND ROLL... A REAL JAM SESSION WHERE YOU THROW IN YOUR LICKS HOWEVER YOU FEEL THEM...JUST SO YOU'RE ON THE BEAT.

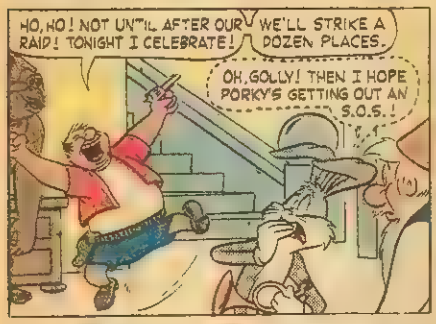

LISTEN BUSHY. EVEN A BEWITCHED BAZZOOM PROBABLY CAN'T TELL WHEN YOU'RE MISSING THE TARGET WITH STUFF LIKE THIS.

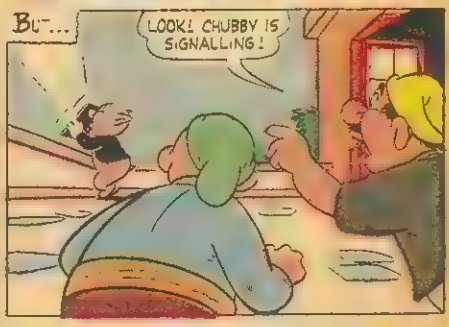

SAY! I CAN DO THAT ...I THINK!
BLAH...

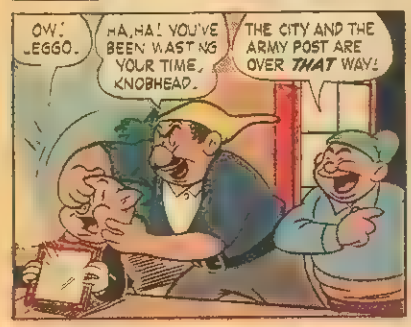

TWEET!
TOOT!
TOOT!
TWEET!

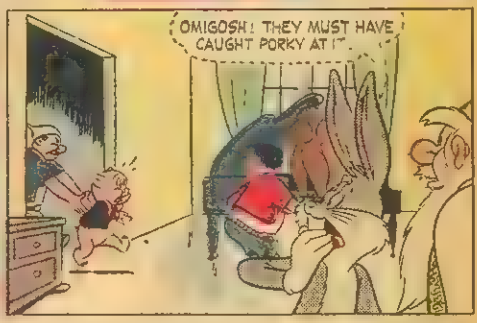

HI-'-EE!
HOO-HOO-HOO!
BOOMP!
BOOMP!
BOOMP!

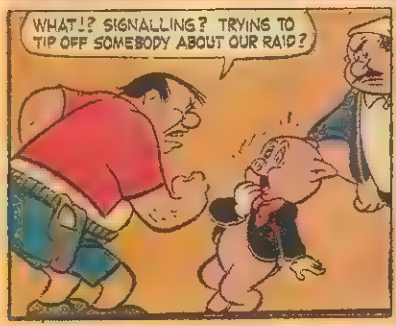

I PLAYED SOMETHING RIGHT! I CAN THINK ABOUT GOLD AGAIN! I'M UNBEWITCHED!
SO CAN WE ALL GO NOW?

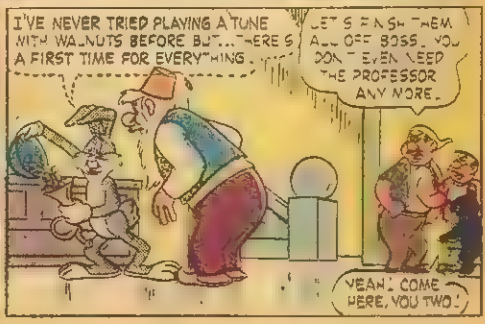

HO, HO! NOT UNTIL AFTER OUR RAID! TONIGHT I CELEBRATE!
WE'LL STRIKE A DOZEN PLACES.
OH, GOLLY! THEN I HOPE PORKY'S GETTING OUT AN S.O.S.!

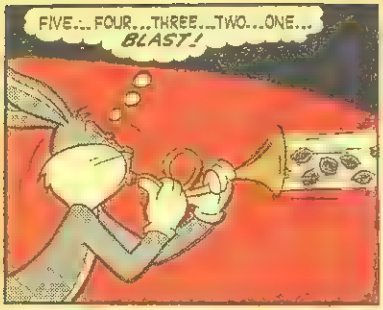

BUT...
LOOK! CHUBBY IS SIGNALLING!

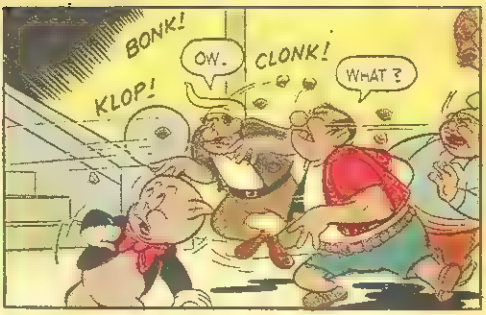

OW! LEGGO.
HA, HA! YOU'VE BEEN WASTING YOUR TIME, KNOBHEAD.
THE CITY AND THE ARMY POST ARE OVER THAT WAY!

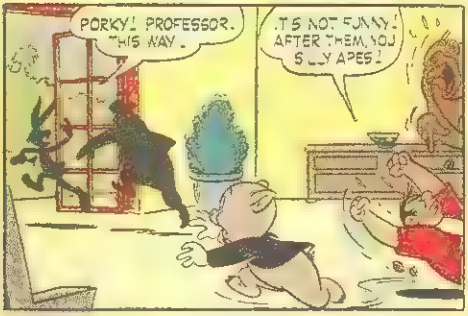

OMIGOSH! THEY MUST HAVE CAUGHT PORKY AT IT.

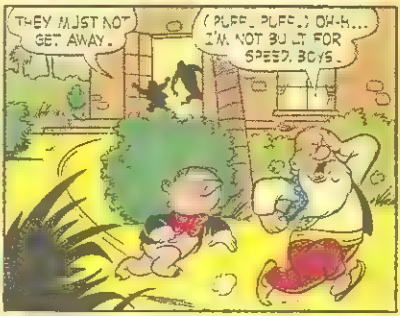

WHAT!? SIGNALLING? TRYING TO TIP OFF SOMEBODY ABOUT OUR RAID?

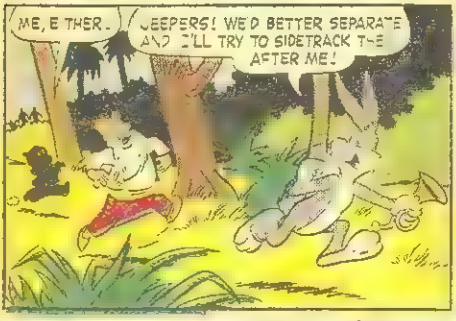

I'VE NEVER TRIED PLAYING A TUNE WITH WALNUTS BEFORE BUT... THERE'S A FIRST TIME FOR EVERYTHING.
LET'S FINISH THEM ALL OFF BOSS. YOU DON'T EVEN NEED THE PROFESSOR ANY MORE.
YEAH! COME HERE, YOU TWO!

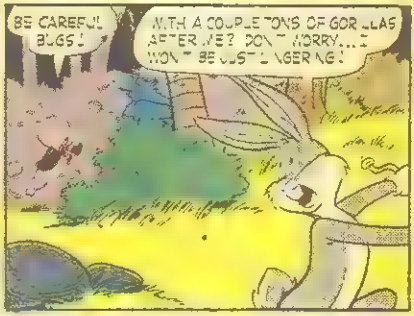

FIVE...FOUR...THREE...TWO...ONE...
BLAST!

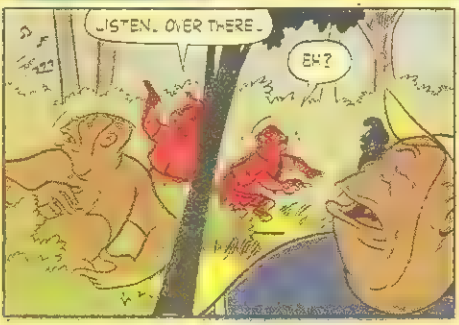

BONK!
OW.
CLONK!
WHAT?
KLOP!

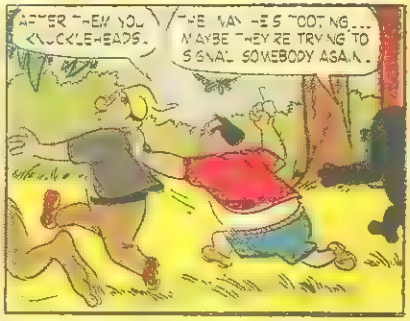

PORKY! PROFESSOR. THIS WAY.
IT'S NOT FUNNY! AFTER THEM, YOU SILLY APES!


THEY MUST NOT GET AWAY.
(PUFF, PUFF.) OW-H... I'M NOT BUILT FOR SPEED, BOYS.


ME, EITHER.
JEEPERS! WE'D BETTER SEPARATE AND I'LL TRY TO SIDETRACK THE APES AFTER ME!

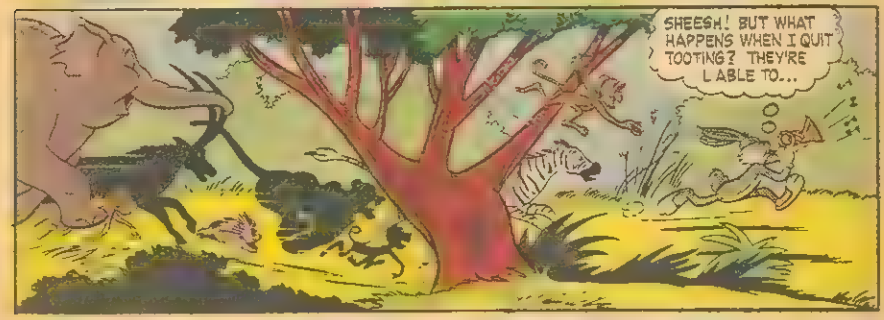

BE CAREFUL, BUGS!
WITH A COUPLE TONS OF GORILLAS AFTER ME? DON'T WORRY... I WON'T BE JUST LANGERING!

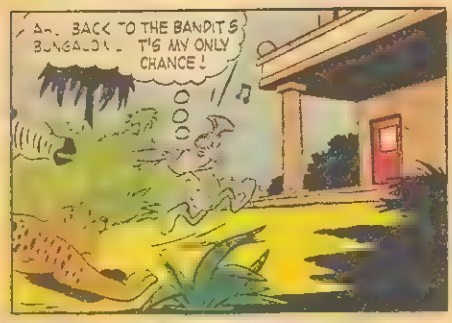

LISTEN. OVER THERE.
EH?

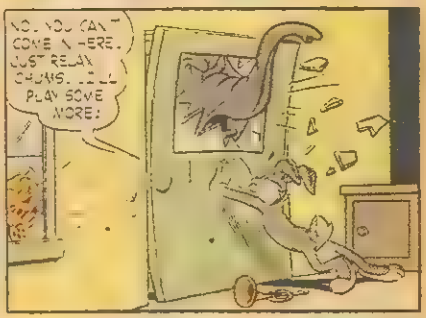

AFTER THEM, YOU KNUCKLEHEADS.
THE MANIAC IS SHOOTING... MAYBE THEY'RE TRYING TO SIGNAL SOMEBODY AGAIN.

SOMEBODY'S RIGHT.
OH GOSH. I'M PICKING UP A WHOLE NEW AUDIENCE.

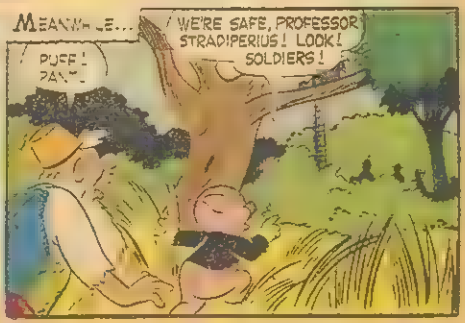
SUFFERING PIED PIPERS OF HAMELIN! I MUST REALLY BE ON THE ORIGINAL COME HITHER BEAT!

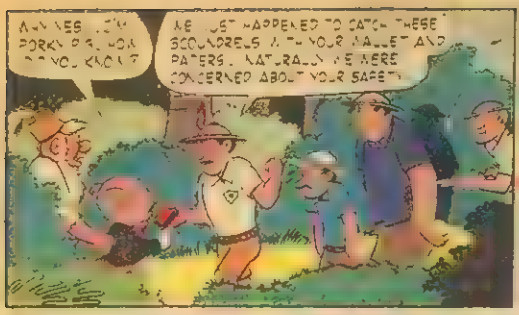

SHEESH! BUT WHAT HAPPENS WHEN I QUIT TOOTING? THEY'RE LIABLE TO...

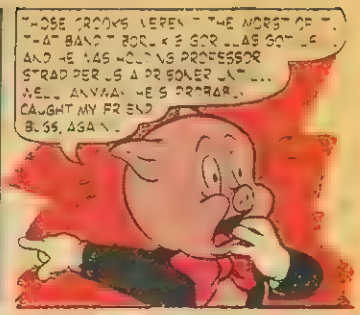

AH. BACK TO THE BANDIT'S BUNGALOW. IT'S MY ONLY CHANCE!

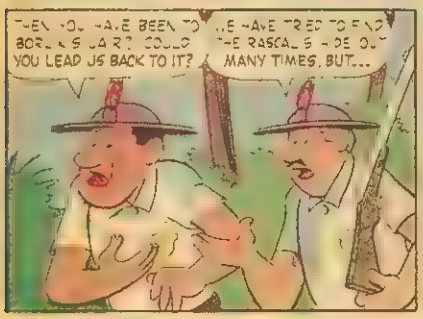

NO. YOU CAN'T COME IN HERE. JUST RELAX CHUMS. I'LL PLAY SOME MORE!

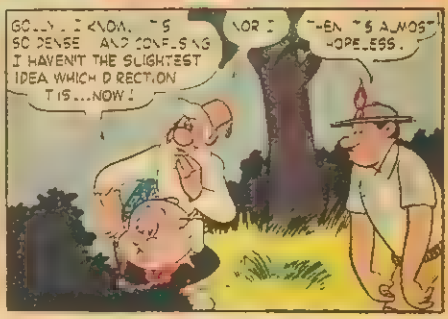
GADZOOKS! WHAT'S ALL THAT ANIMAL RACKET?
THAT CAN'T BE OUR GORILLAS...EVEN IF THEY'VE CAUGHT THEM!

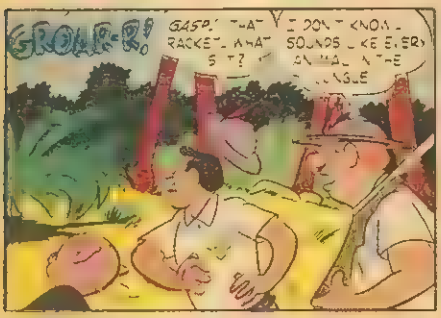

MEANWHILE...
PUFF! PANT!
WE'RE SAFE, PROFESSOR STRADIPERIUS! LOOK! SOLDIERS!

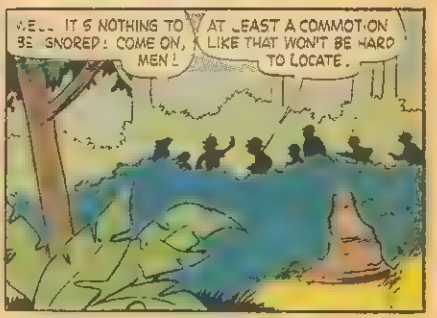

ANYWAYS, PORKY PIG, DO YOU KNOW?
WE JUST HAPPENED TO CATCH THESE SCOUNDRELS WITH YOUR WALLET AND PAPERS. NATURALLY WE WERE CONCERNED ABOUT YOUR SAFETY.


THOSE CROOKS WERE THE WORST OF THAT BANDIT BORLAS GOR... AND HE WAS HOLDING PROFESSOR STRADPERS A PRISONER UP... WELL, ANYWAY, HE'S PROBABLY CAUGHT MY FRIEND BUGS, AGAIN.

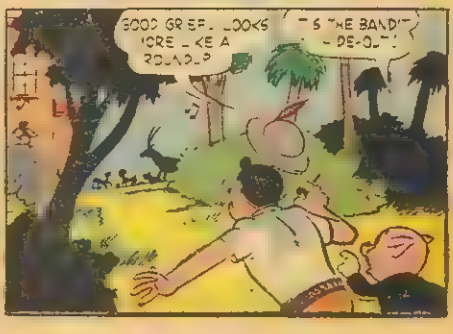

THEN YOU HAVE BEEN TO BORLAS'S LAIR? COULD YOU LEAD US BACK TO IT?
WE HAVE TRIED TO FIND THE RASCAL'S HIDEOUT MANY TIMES, BUT...


GOLLY, I KNOW THIS SOUNDS SO DENSE AND CONFUSING I HAVEN'T THE SLIGHTEST IDEA WHICH DIRECTION IT IS...NOW!
NOR I
THEN IT'S ALMOST HOPELESS.

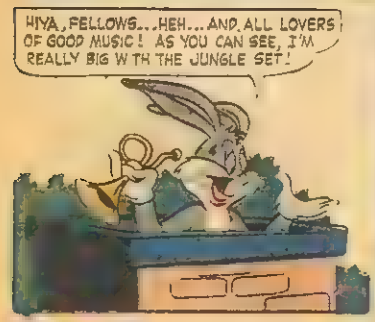

GROWL-R!
GASP! THAT RACKET, WHAT IS IT?
I DON'T KNOW. SOUNDS LIKE EVERY ANIMAL IN THE JUNGLE

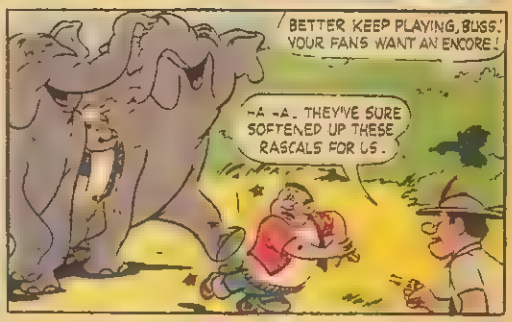

WELL, IT'S NOTHING TO BE IGNORED! COME ON, MEN!
AT LEAST A COMMOTION LIKE THAT WON'T BE HARD TO LOCATE.

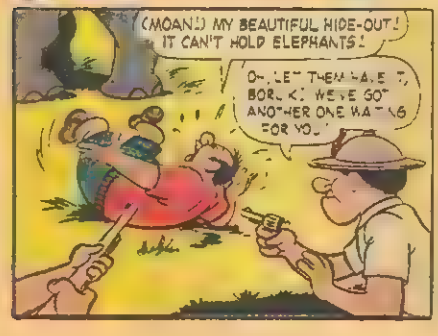
WHOM THIS STOPPED. I HEAR VILLAIN!
THAT'S BUGS BAZOOM. HE'S TRYING TO LEAD THE BANDITS ON A WILD GOOSE CHASE!

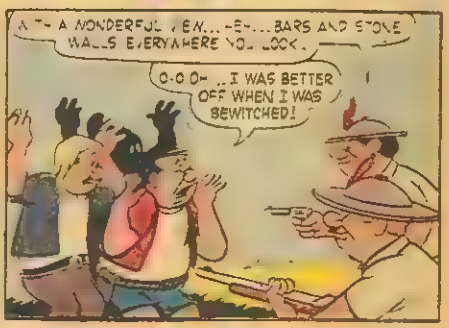

GOOD GREEF, LOOKS MORE LIKE A ROUNDUP
IT'S THE BANDIT HIDEOUT!

SCAT! S-OO! OUT!
THEY WON'T LEAVE WHILE HE KEEPS PLAYING, BOSS!
STOP DANCING, YOU LAMEBRAIN GORILLAS, AND HELP US!
GOSH... I THINK THE CONCERT'S COMING FROM UP THERE!


HIYA, FELLOWS...HEH...AND ALL LOVERS OF GOOD MUSIC! AS YOU CAN SEE, I'M REALLY BIG WITH THE JUNGLE SET!


BETTER KEEP PLAYING, BUSS! YOUR FANS WANT AN ENCORE!
HA-HA. THEY'VE SURE SOFTENED UP THESE RASCALS FOR US.


(MOAN!) MY BEAUTIFUL HIDE-OUT! IT CAN'T HOLD ELEPHANTS!
OH, LET THEM HAVE IT, BORIS! WE'VE GOT ANOTHER ONE WAITING FOR YOU!


A WONDERFUL VIEW...HE-...BARS AND STONE WALLS EVERYWHERE YOU LOOK.
O-O OH...I WAS BETTER OFF WHEN I WAS BEWITCHED!

EEK! IT'S GREAT TO HAVE SO MANY ADORING FANS! I COULD GO ON LIKE THIS FOREVER.
LOOK OUT! BE CAREFUL BUGS.
YEOW!
OOF!
O-O-OH...WATCH OUT FOR THAT FIRST STEP, CHUMS.
FWEE-EOO!
OOPS THERE GO YOUR DEVOTED FANS BUGS.
YOU CAN SEE HOW THIS IS SO FICKLE!

# THE BAD-NATURED PHOTOGRAPHER

Henery Hawk was pacing up and down the road one day, trying very hard to think of some new and extremely clever way to trap chickens. Suddenly a great flash of light went off in front of his eyes.

"What was that?" Henery yelled.

Ollie Owl adjusted the tripod that held his camera and threw back the dark cloth which covered his head. "It was going to be a superb shot of some unusual flowers until you butted your head into the picture," Ollie complained. "Photographing nature is highly educational, besides being fun. You ought to try it, Henery!"

Henery was about to retort when he suddenly thought of a way to satisfy his craving for chicken at last. "You're right, Ollie," he said. "Could I borrow your camera for a while?"

"I'm gratified to find your mind on higher things than hawking," Ollie said, handing over his equipment. "Won't this be much more fun than catching chickens?"

"Let's just say that nature study can be very interesting," Henery grinned.

Chuckling happily, Henery continued up the road, approaching Farmer John's hen house as cautiously as he could. Hardly able to contain his laughter, he quickly pulled the black cloth over his head and focused the camera on all the plump chickens.

Henrietta Hen glanced up with a start, then shrugged off the presence of the photographer. "It's just Ollie Owl," she told the other chickens. "He said yesterday that we weren't interesting enough to photograph. What made you come back, Ollie?"

"I've changed my mind," Henery said, disguising his voice as much as possible.

The chickens rushed to the fence, anxious to be in the foreground. "Don't crowd, girls," Henrietta told them. "I'm sure he'll get us all in if we just give him a chance."

"I surely hope to," Henery assured her hungrily. "Now if you could just open the gate for me, I could get a really good close-up of you all!"

The hens clamored to do his bidding. When the gate swung open, Henery was almost overcome by his success. "There are so many of you," he drooled.

"All the better to photograph," Henrietta said gayly. "Now, how do you want us?"

To Henery, the possibilities were staggering! "Broiled . . ." he murmured happily, "fried . . . perhaps roasted?"

"Wait a minute!" Henrietta cried. "That doesn't sound like Ollie Owl. That sounds like *Henery Hawk!*"

One chicken pointed to a figure racing up the road. "There's Ollie, now."

"I thought so," Ollie cried angrily, pulling the dark cloth off Henery's head. "Once a chicken hawk, *always* a chicken hawk, even in nature study."

"Run for your lives!" one hen yelled.

"For once," Henrietta stormed, "let *him* run for *his* life! Come on, girls! ATTACK!"

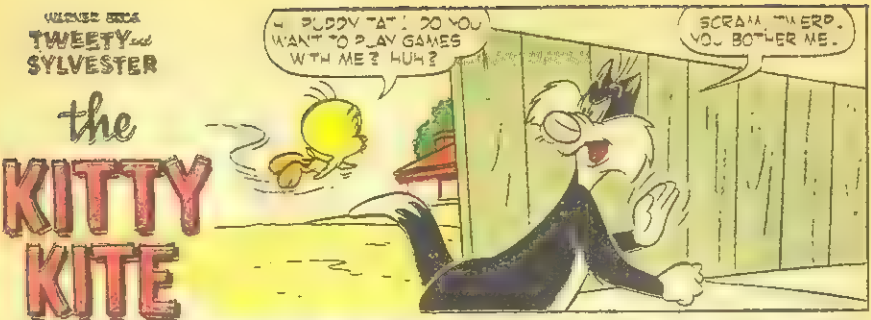
The chickens pounced on Henery with all their might. They climbed to his shoulders, clawing every step of the way. Henery fell to the ground with chickens bouncing angrily up and down on top of his head.

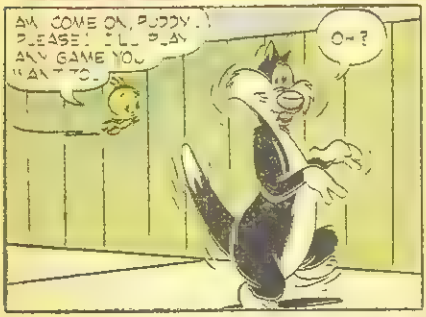
When they finally slammed the gate shut Henery lifted his head and eyed Ollie.

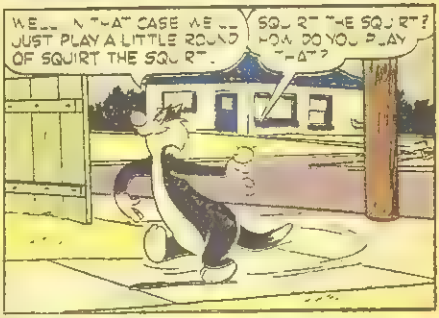
"When it comes to photographing nature," he said sadly, "I guess you might say I had to learn from scratch!"

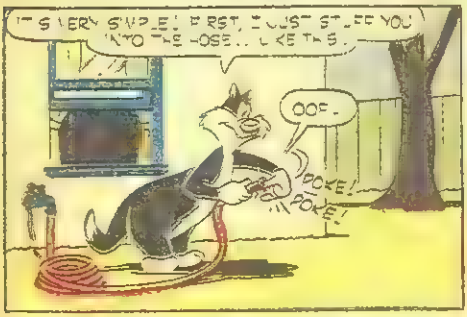
WARNER BROS.
TWEETY and SYLVESTER

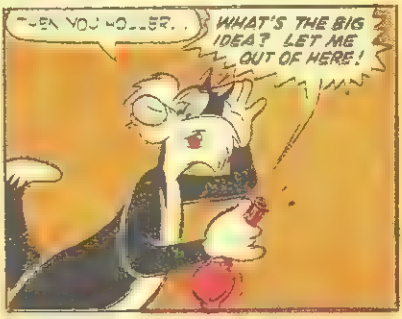
# the KITTY KITE

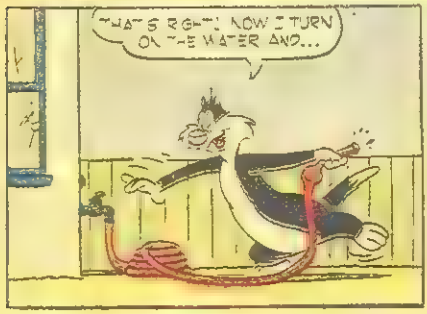


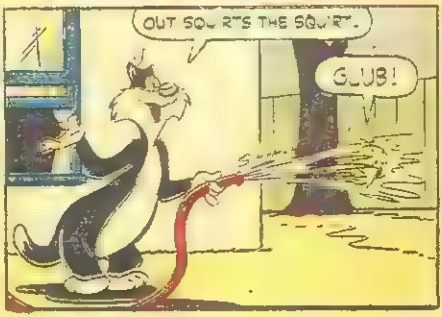



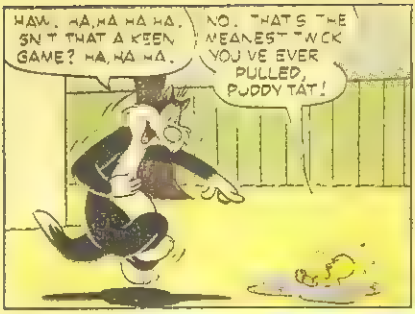



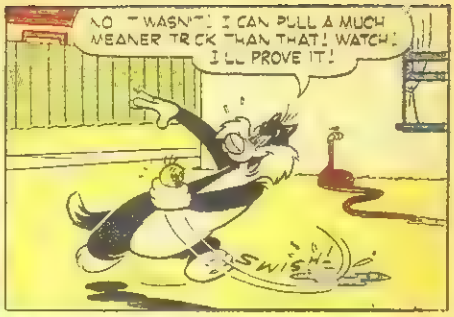



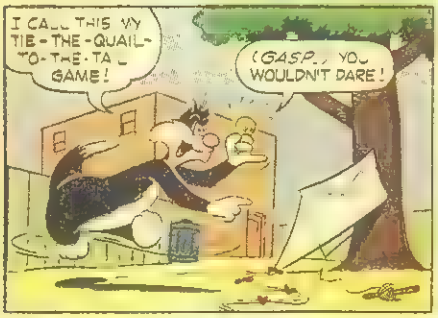



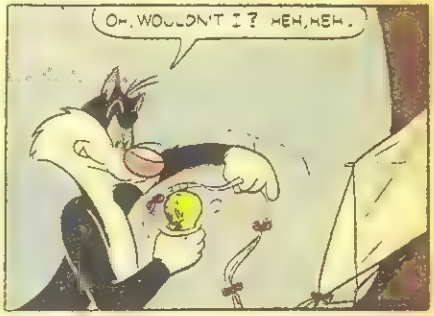



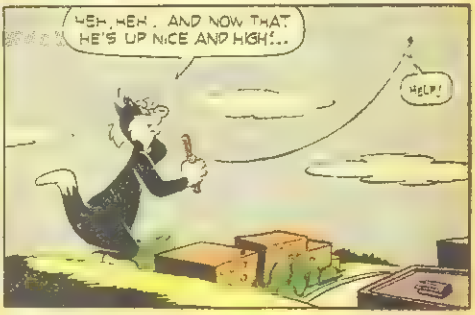

HAW, HA, HA HA HA. ISN'T THAT A KEEN GAME? HA, HA HA.
NO. THAT'S THE MEANEST TRICK YOU'VE EVER PULLED, PUDDY TAT!


NO IT WASN'T! I CAN PULL A MUCH MEANER TRICK THAN THAT! WATCH! I'LL PROVE IT!
SWISH!


I CALL THIS MY TIE-THE-QUAIL-TO-THE-TAIL GAME!
(GASP.) YOU WOULDN'T DARE!

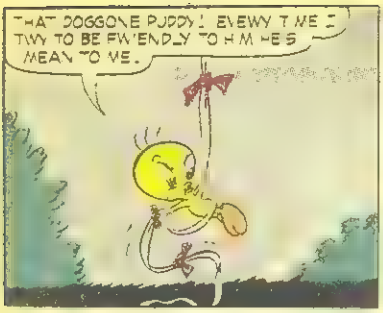

OH, WOULDN'T I? HEH, HEH.

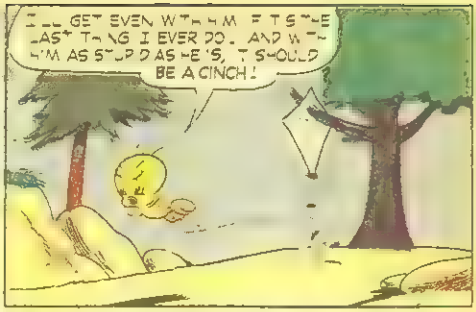
UP YOU GO, FEATHERHEAD!
AWK!

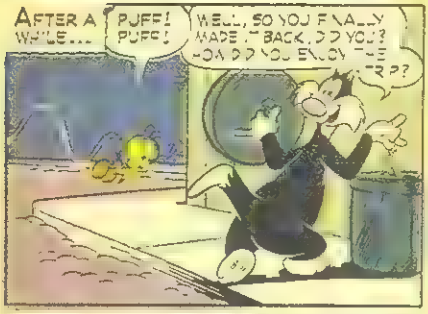

HEH, HEH. AND NOW THAT HE'S UP NICE AND HIGH!..
HELP!

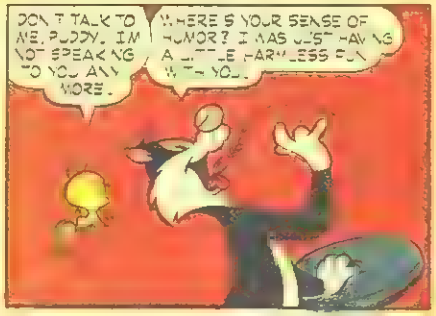
I'LL JUST LET GO OF THE STRING SO HE CAN SOLO FOR A WHILE! HA, HA, HA! WHAT A KEEN GAG!

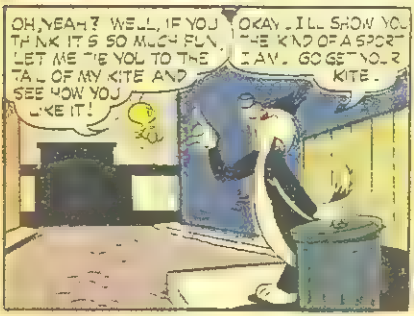
SEVERAL MINUTES LATER.
(WHEW!) I THOUGHT I'D NEVER COME DOWN.

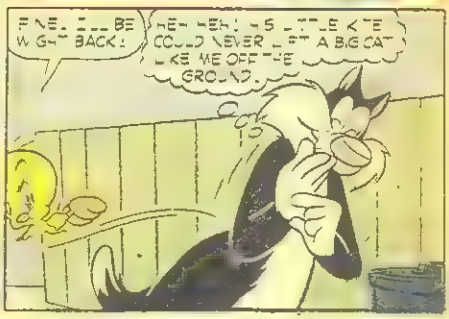

THAT DOGGONE PUDDY! EVERY TIME I TRY TO BE FRIENDLY TO HIM HE'S MEAN TO ME.

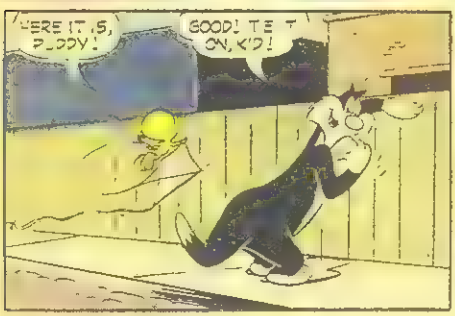

I'LL GET EVEN WITH HIM. IT'S THE LAST THING I EVER DO. AND WITH HIM AS STUPID AS HE'S, IT SHOULD BE A CINCH!

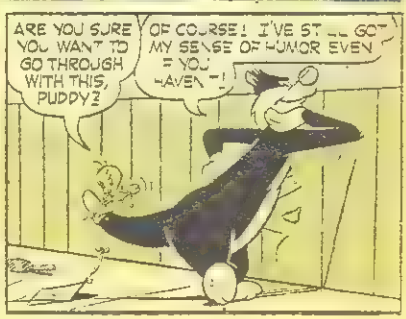

AFTER A WHILE...
PUFF! PUFF!
WELL, SO YOU FINALLY MADE IT BACK. DID YOU? HOW DID YOU ENJOY THE KITE?

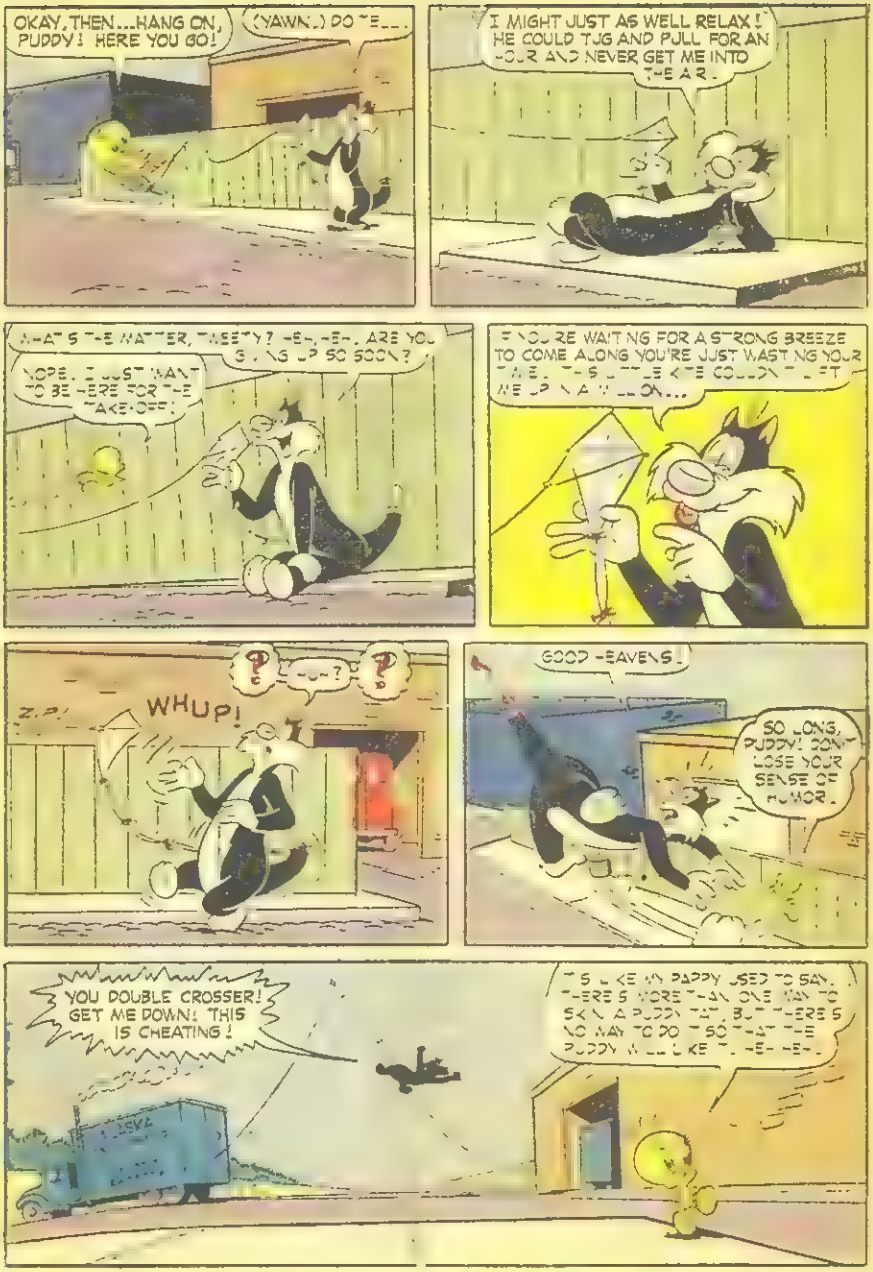

DON'T TALK TO ME, PUDDY. I'M NOT SPEAKING TO YOU ANY MORE.
WHERE'S YOUR SENSE OF HUMOR? I WAS JUST HAVING A LITTLE HARMLESS FUN WITH YOU.


OH, YEAH? WELL, IF YOU THINK IT'S SO MUCH FUN, LET ME TIE YOU TO THE TAIL OF MY KITE AND SEE HOW YOU LIKE IT!
OKAY. I'LL SHOW YOU THE KIND OF A SPORT I AM. GO GET YOUR KITE.


FINE. I'LL BE WAITING BACK!
HEH-HEH! HIS LITTLE KITE COULD NEVER LIFT A BIG CAT LIKE ME OFF THE GROUND.


HERE IT IS, PUDDY!
GOOD! TIE IT ON, KID!


ARE YOU SURE YOU WANT TO GO THROUGH WITH THIS, PUDDY?
OF COURSE! I'VE STILL GOT MY SENSE OF HUMOR EVEN IF YOU HAVEN'T!


OKAY, THEN...HANG ON, PUDDY! HERE YOU GO!
(YAWN...) DO THE...
I MIGHT JUST AS WELL RELAX! HE COULD TUG AND PULL FOR AN HOUR AND NEVER GET ME INTO THE AIR.
WHAT'S THE MATTER, TWEETY? HEH-HEH. ARE YOU GOING UP SO SOON?
NOPE. I JUST WANT TO BE HERE FOR THE TAKE-OFF!
IF YOU'RE WAITING FOR A STRONG BREEZE TO COME ALONG YOU'RE JUST WASTING YOUR TIME. THIS LITTLE KITE COULDN'T LIFT ME UP IN A HURRICANE...
Z.P.
WHUP!
?
HUH?
?
GOOD HEAVENS!
SO LONG, PUDDY! DON'T LOSE YOUR SENSE OF HUMOR.
YOU DOUBLE CROSSER! GET ME DOWN! THIS IS CHEATING!
THIS LIKE MY PAPPY USED TO SAY. THERE'S MORE THAN ONE WAY TO SKIN A PUDDY CAT, BUT THERE'S NO WAY TO DO IT SO THAT THE PUDDY WILL LIKE IT. HEH-HEH.

WARNER BROS.

Bugs Bunny

# TOWER REVOLT

IN IT'S LONG AND COLORFUL HISTORY, THE TOWER OF LYNDON HAS KNOWN MANY SOUNDS... BUT NOTHING LIKE THIS...UNTIL NOW, THAT IS!

EH-H...WHAT'S UP, DOC? (MUNCH.) (MUNCH!)

WHAT'D YOU STOP FOLLOWING ME, YOU WASCAL WABBIT! I CAME HERE TO DO SOME IMPORTANT WESEARCH!

AND IT DOESN'T INCLUDE YOU!

OH, BUT YOU SMUGGLED ME INTO THIS COUNTRY, SO YOU'RE RESPONSIBLE FOR...

I AM NOT. I DIDN'T. YOU HID IN ONE OF MY TRUNKS!

OH, COME NOW! I WOULDN'T BE FOUND DEAD IN THOSE PINK AND PURPLE POLKA DOTTED TRUNKS YOU WEAR.

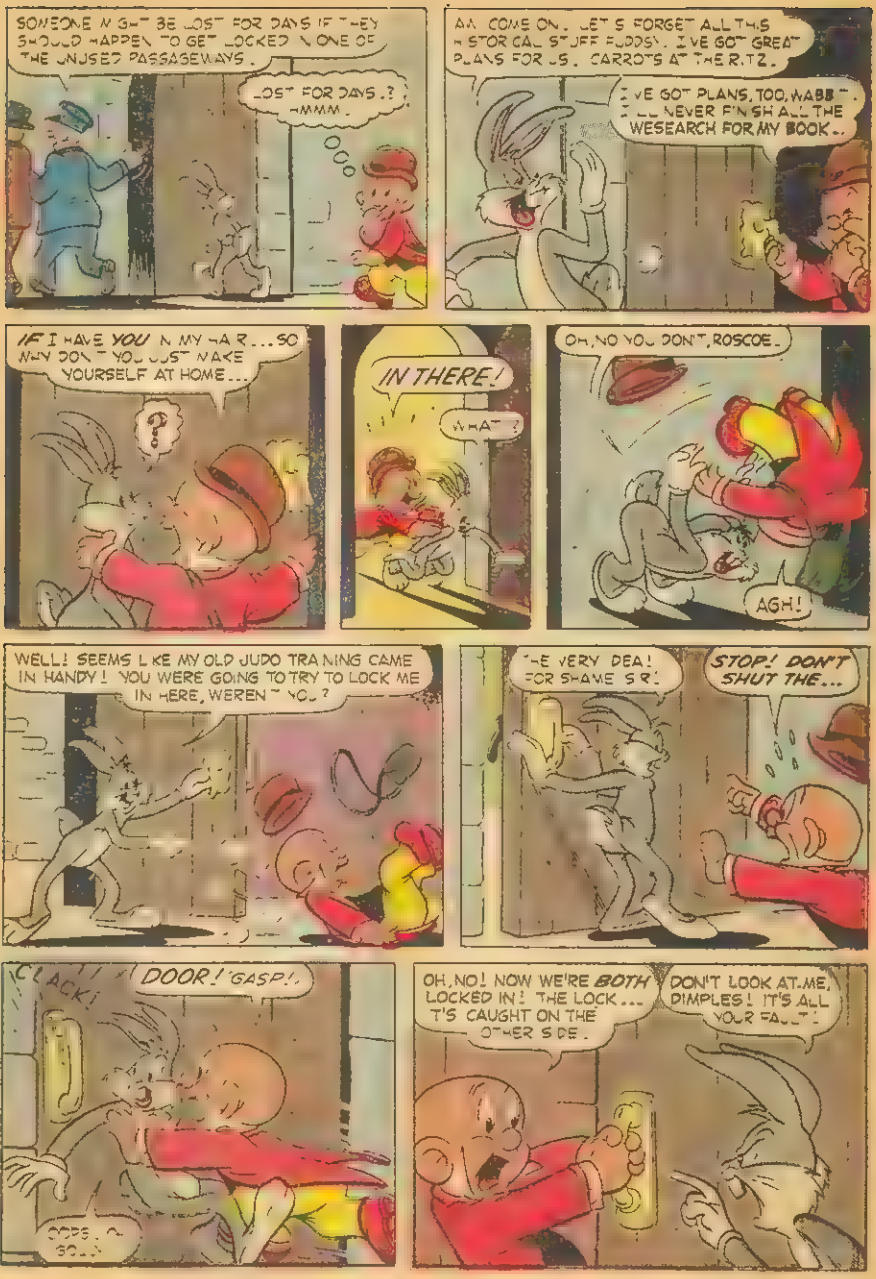
I DON'T MEAN IN MY PINK AND PURPLE POLKA DOTTED TRUNKS.

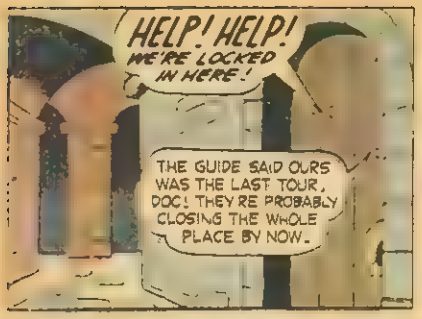
PINK AND PURPLE POLKA DOTTED TRUNKS...?

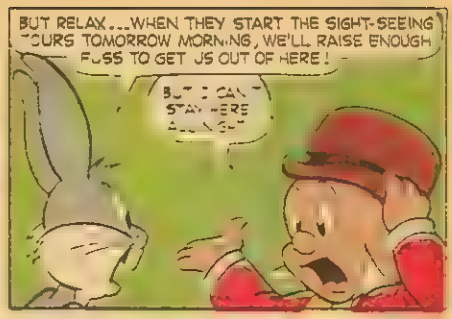
SIR, PLEASE DISCUSS YOUR WARDROBE *AFTER* THE TOUR!

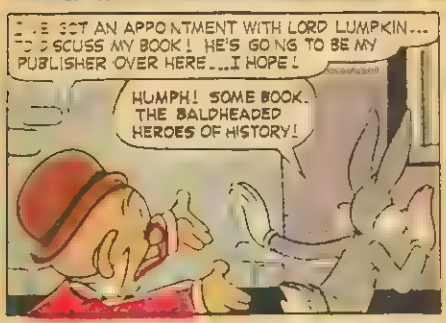
AHRUMPF! AS I WAS SAYING, THERE ARE MANY ROOMS AND CORRIDORS WHICH WE DON'T VISIT, PURELY AS A SAFETY MEASURE!

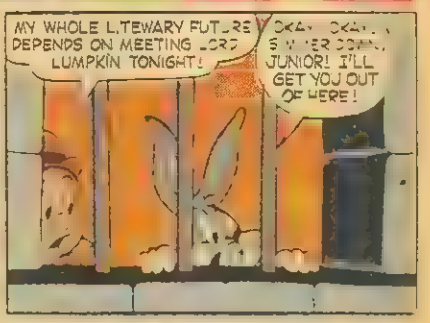
OH-H. I HATE WABBITS.


SOMEONE MIGHT BE LOST FOR DAYS IF THEY SHOULD HAPPEN TO GET LOCKED IN ONE OF THE UNUSED PASSAGEWAYS.
LOST FOR DAYS.? HMMM.
AW, COME ON. LET'S FORGET ALL THIS HISTORICAL STUFF FUDDY. I'VE GOT GREAT PLANS FOR US. CARROTS AT THE RITZ.
I'VE GOT PLANS, TOO, WABBIT. I'LL NEVER FINISH ALL THE WESEARCH FOR MY BOOK..
IF I HAVE YOU IN MY HAIR...SO WHY DON'T YOU JUST MAKE YOURSELF AT HOME...
?
IN THERE!
WHAT?
OH, NO YOU DON'T, ROSCOE.
AGH!
WELL! SEEMS LIKE MY OLD JUDO TRAINING CAME IN HANDY! YOU WERE GOING TO TRY TO LOCK ME IN HERE, WEREN'T YOU?
THE VERY IDEA! FOR SHAME SIR!
STOP! DON'T SHUT THE...
CLACK!
DOOR! GASP!.
OOPS. I'M SOLD.
OH, NO! NOW WE'RE BOTH LOCKED IN! THE LOCK... IT'S CAUGHT ON THE OTHER SIDE.
DON'T LOOK AT ME, DIMPLES! IT'S ALL YOUR FAULT!

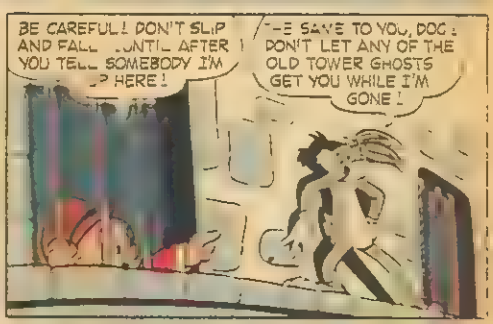

HELP! HELP! WE'RE LOCKED IN HERE!
THE GUIDE SAID OURS WAS THE LAST TOUR, DOC! THEY'RE PROBABLY CLOSING THE WHOLE PLACE BY NOW.

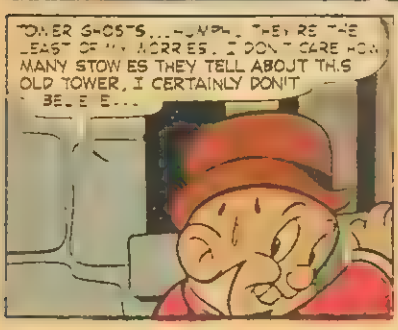

BUT RELAX...WHEN THEY START THE SIGHT-SEEING TOURS TOMORROW MORNING, WE'LL RAISE ENOUGH FUSS TO GET US OUT OF HERE!

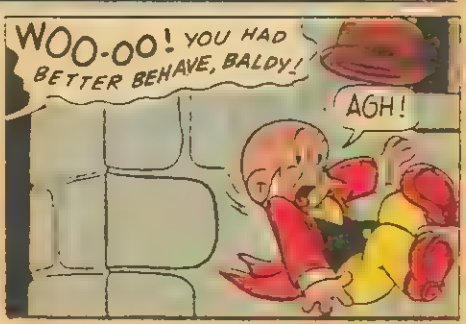

I'VE GOT AN APPOINTMENT WITH LORD LUMPKIN... TO DISCUSS MY BOOK! HE'S GOING TO BE MY PUBLISHER OVER HERE...I HOPE!
HUMPH! SOME BOOK. THE BALDHEADED HEROES OF HISTORY!

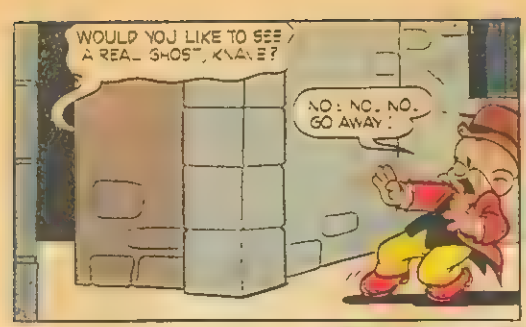

MY WHOLE LITERARY FUTURE DEPENDS ON MEETING LORD LUMPKIN TONIGHT!
OKAY, OKAY, SLOWER DOWN, JUNIOR! I'LL GET YOU OUT OF HERE!

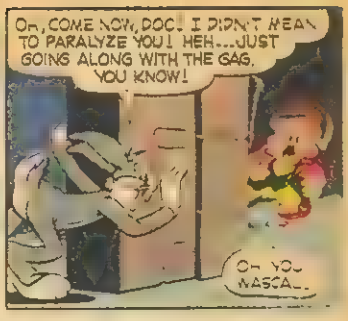
LOOK! I CAN SKIN OUT BETWEEN THESE BARS!

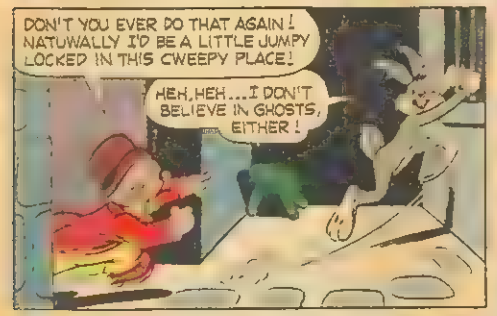

BE CAREFUL! DON'T SLIP AND FALL UNTIL AFTER YOU TELL SOMEBODY I'M UP HERE!
THE SAME TO YOU, DOC! DON'T LET ANY OF THE OLD TOWER GHOSTS GET YOU WHILE I'M GONE!

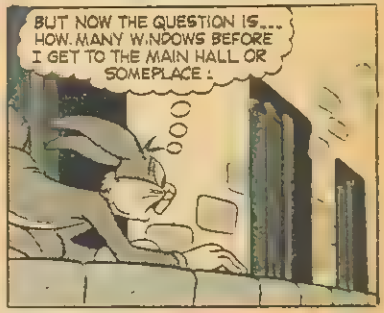

OLD TOWER GHOSTS...HUMPH! THEY'RE THE LEAST OF MY WORRIES. I DON'T CARE HOW MANY STORIES THEY TELL ABOUT THIS OLD TOWER, I CERTAINLY DON'T BELIEVE...

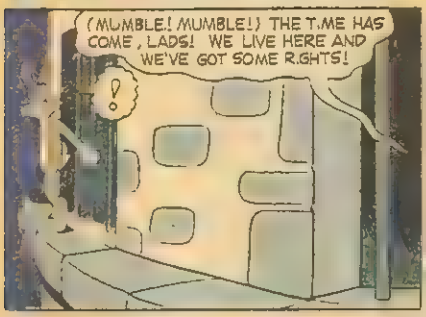

WOO-OO! YOU HAD BETTER BEHAVE, BALDY!
AGH!

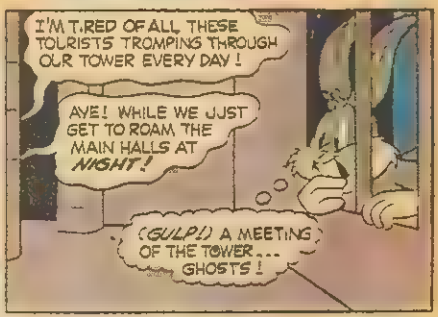

WOULD YOU LIKE TO SEE A REAL GHOST, KNAVE?
NO! NO, NO. GO AWAY!

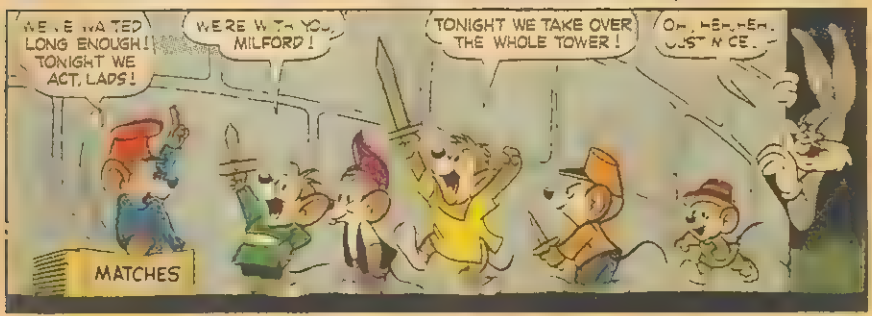

OH, COME NOW, DOC! I DIDN'T MEAN TO PARALYZE YOU! HEH...JUST GOING ALONG WITH THE GAG, YOU KNOW!
OH YOU RASCAL.

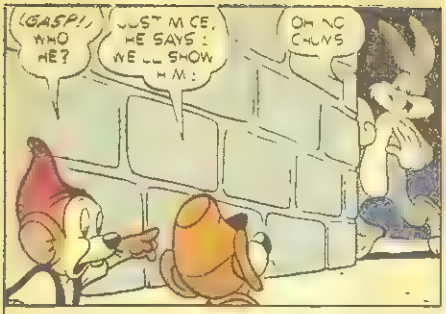

DON'T YOU EVER DO THAT AGAIN! NATUWALLY I'D BE A LITTLE JUMPY LOCKED IN THIS CWEEPY PLACE!
HEH, HEH...I DON'T BELIEVE IN GHOSTS, EITHER!

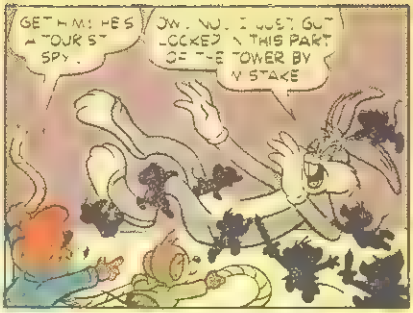

BUT NOW THE QUESTION IS... HOW MANY WINDOWS BEFORE I GET TO THE MAIN HALL OR SOMEPLACE!

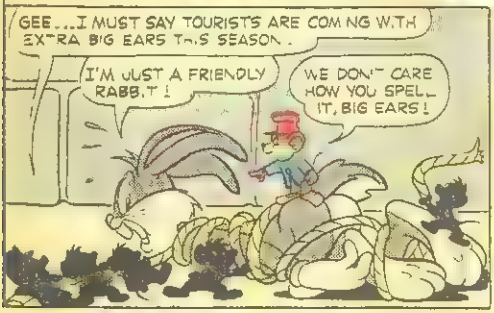

(MUMBLE! MUMBLE!) THE TIME HAS COME, LADS! WE LIVE HERE AND WE'VE GOT SOME RIGHTS!
!

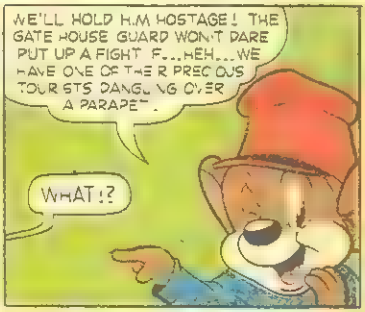

I'M TIRED OF ALL THESE TOURISTS TROMPING THROUGH OUR TOWER EVERY DAY!
AYE! WHILE WE JUST GET TO ROAM THE MAIN HALLS AT *NIGHT!*
(GULP!) A MEETING OF THE TOWER... GHOSTS!

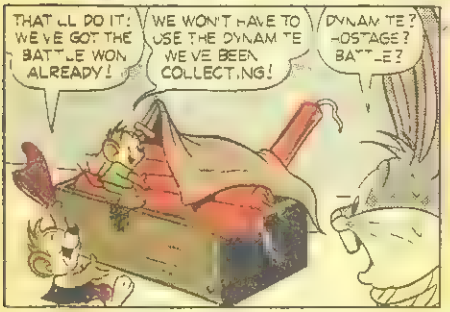

WE'VE WAITED LONG ENOUGH! TONIGHT WE ACT, LADS!
WE'RE WITH YOU, MILFORD!
TONIGHT WE TAKE OVER THE WHOLE TOWER!
OH, HEH, HEH. JUST NICE.
MATCHES

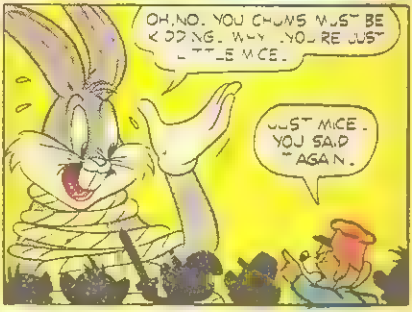

(GASP!) WHO ME?
JUST MICE. HE SAYS: WE'LL SHOW HIM!
OH NO CHUNS


GET HIM! HE'S A TOURIST SPY.
OW. NO. I JUST GOT LOCKED IN THIS PART OF THE TOWER BY MISTAKE


GEE...I MUST SAY TOURISTS ARE COMING WITH EXTRA BIG EARS THIS SEASON.
I'M JUST A FRIENDLY RABBIT!
WE DON'T CARE HOW YOU SPELL IT, BIG EARS!

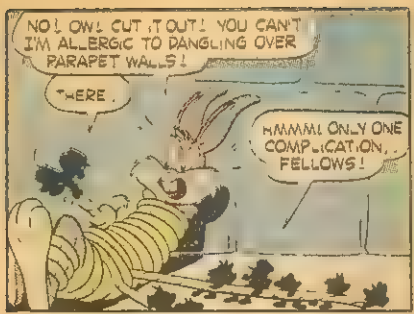

WE'LL HOLD HIM HOSTAGE! THE GATE HOUSE GUARD WON'T DARE PUT UP A FIGHT. E...HEH...WE HAVE ONE OF THEIR PRECIOUS TOURISTS DANGLING OVER A PARAPET.
WHAT!?

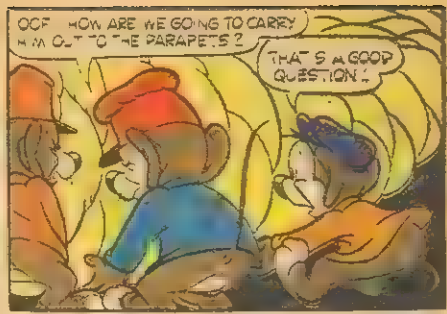

THAT'LL DO IT! WE'VE GOT THE BATTLE WON ALREADY!
WE WON'T HAVE TO USE THE DYNAMITE WE'VE BEEN COLLECTING!
DYNAMITE? HOSTAGE? BATTLE?

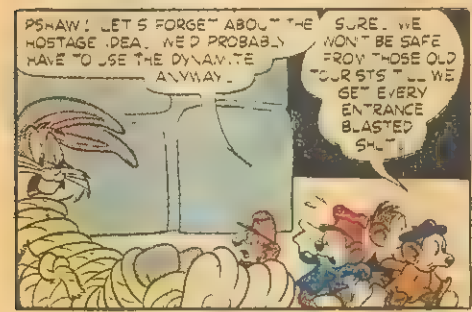

OH, NO. YOU CHUNS MUST BE KIDDING. WHY, YOU'RE JUST LITTLE MICE.
JUST MICE. YOU SAID THAT AGAIN.

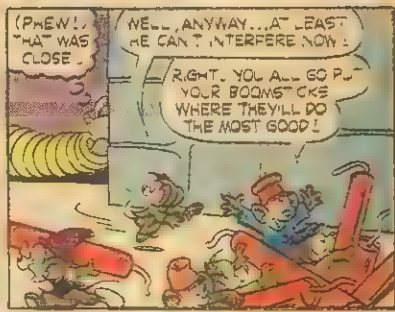
NOBODY ELSE EVEN DARES TO STAY UP HERE IN THIS SPOOKY TOWER AT NIGHT...BUT THEY CALL US FEARLESS FELLOWS JUST MICE!
YEAH

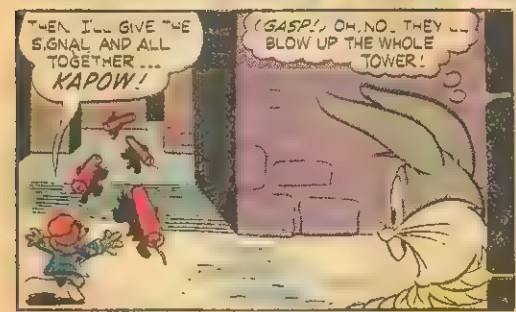
GEE! I DIDN'T REALIZE YOU FELLOWS WERE SO SENSITIVE.
GET HIM READY. TIME'S AWASTING!

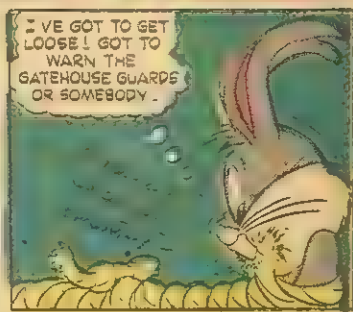

NO! OW! CUT IT OUT! YOU CAN'T I'M ALLERGIC TO DANGLING OVER PARAPET WALLS!
THERE.
HMMM! ONLY ONE COMPLICATION, FELLOWS!

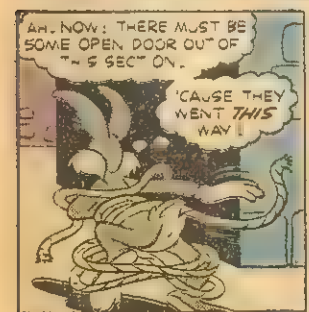

OOF... HOW ARE WE GOING TO CARRY HIM OUT TO THE PARAPETS?
THAT'S A GOOD QUESTION.

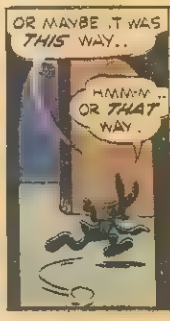

PSHAW! LET'S FORGET ABOUT THE HOSTAGE IDEA. WE'D PROBABLY HAVE TO USE THE DYNAMITE ANYWAY.
SURE. WE WON'T BE SAFE FROM THOSE OLD TOURISTS TILL WE GET EVERY ENTRANCE BLASTED SHUT.

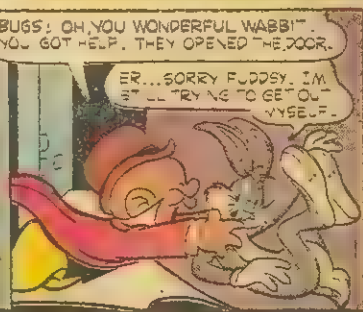

(PHEW! THAT WAS CLOSE.
WELL, ANYWAY... AT LEAST HE CAN'T INTERFERE NOW!
RIGHT. YOU ALL GO PUT YOUR BOOMSTICKS WHERE THEY'LL DO THE MOST GOOD!

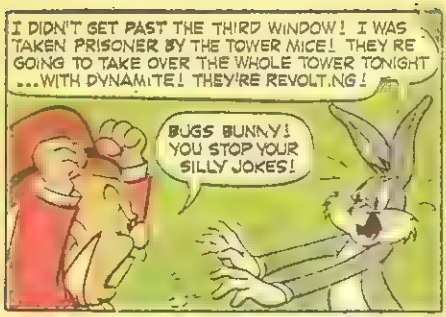

THEN I'LL GIVE THE SIGNAL AND ALL TOGETHER... KAPOW!
(GASP!) OH, NO. THEY'LL BLOW UP THE WHOLE TOWER!

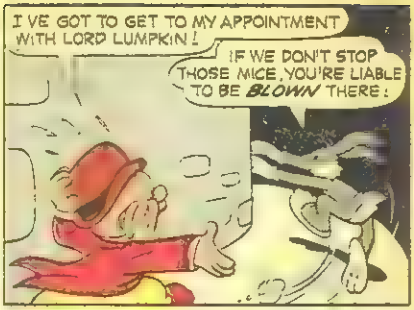

I'VE GOT TO GET LOOSE! GOT TO WARN THE GATEHOUSE GUARDS OR SOMEBODY.

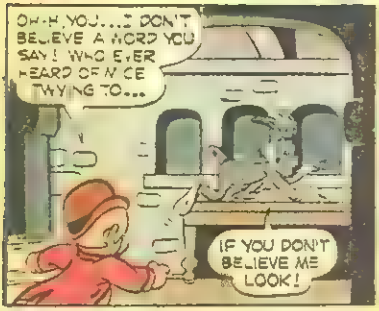

AH. NOW: THERE MUST BE SOME OPEN DOOR OUT OF THIS SECTION.
'CAUSE THEY WENT THIS WAY!

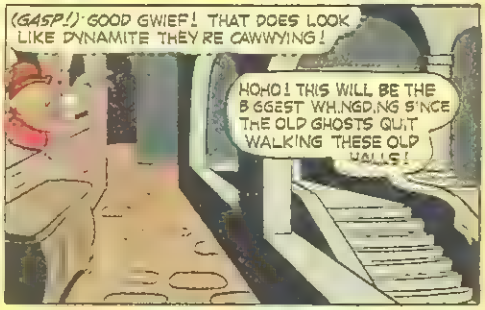

OR MAYBE IT WAS THIS WAY..
HMMM... OR THAT WAY.

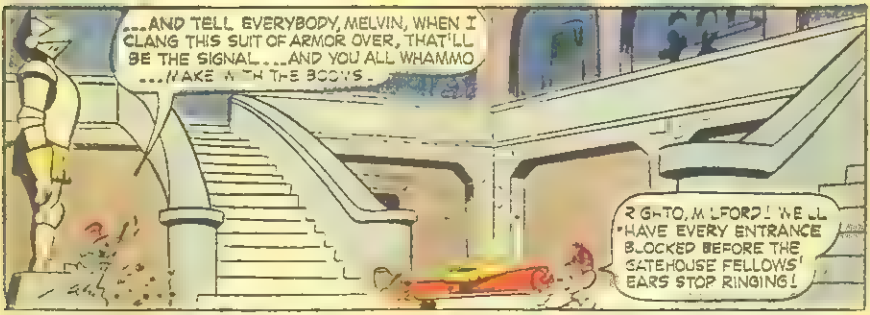

BUGS! OH, YOU WONDERFUL WABBIT. YOU GOT HELP. THEY OPENED THE DOOR.
ER... SORRY FUDDSY. I'M JUST TRYING TO GET OUT MYSELF.

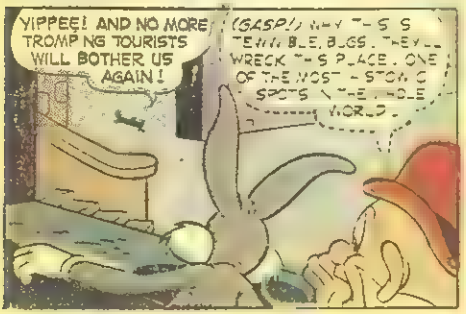

I DIDN'T GET PAST THE THIRD WINDOW! I WAS TAKEN PRISONER BY THE TOWER MICE! THEY RE GOING TO TAKE OVER THE WHOLE TOWER TONIGHT ...WITH DYNAMITE! THEY'RE REVOLT.NG!
BUGS BUNNY! YOU STOP YOUR SILLY JOKES!

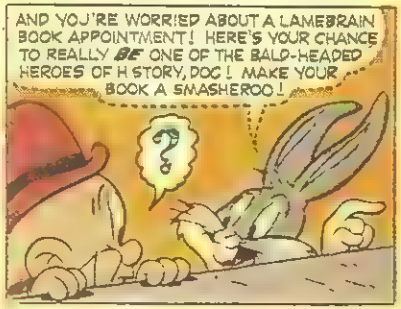

I VE GOT TO GET TO MY APPOINTMENT WITH LORD LUMPKIN!
IF WE DON'T STOP THOSE MICE, YOU'RE LIABLE TO BE BLOWN THERE!

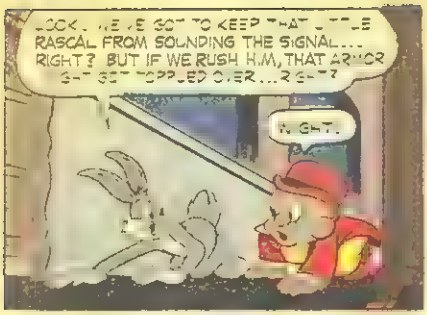

OH-H, YOU... DON'T BELIEVE A WORD YOU SAY! WHO EVER HEARD OF MICE TRYING TO...
IF YOU DON'T BELIEVE ME LOOK!

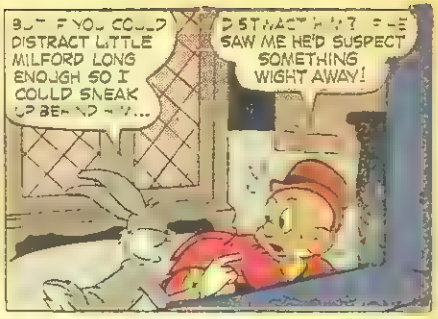

(GASP!) GOOD GWIEF! THAT DOES LOOK LIKE DYNAMITE THEY RE CAWWYING!
HOHO! THIS WILL BE THE B GGEST WH.NGD.NG S'NCE THE OLD GHOSTS QUIT WALKING THESE OLD WALLS!


...AND TELL EVERYBODY, MELVIN, WHEN I CLANG THIS SUIT OF ARMOR OVER, THAT'LL BE THE SIGNAL...AND YOU ALL WHAMMO ...MAKE WITH THE BOOMS.
R GHTO, M LFORD! WE LL HAVE EVERY ENTRANCE BLOCKED BEFORE THE GATEHOUSE FELLOWS' EARS STOP RINGING!

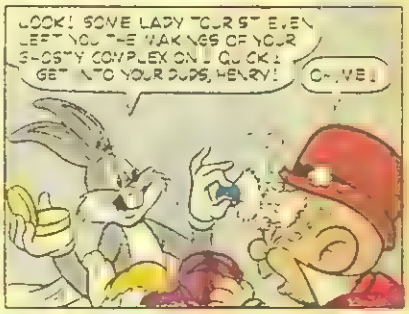

YIPPEE! AND NO MORE TROMP NG TOURISTS WILL BOTHER US AGAIN!
(GASP!) WHY THESE TERRIBLE BUGS. THEY'LL WRECK THIS PLACE. ONE OF THE MOST HISTORIC SPOTS IN THE WHOLE WORLD.


AND YOU'RE WORRIED ABOUT A LAMEBRAIN BOOK APPOINTMENT! HERE'S YOUR CHANCE TO REALLY BE ONE OF THE BALD-HEADED HEROES OF H STORY, DOC! MAKE YOUR BOOK A SMASHEROO!
?


LOOK. WE'VE GOT TO KEEP THAT LITTLE RASCAL FROM SOUNDING THE SIGNAL... RIGHT? BUT IF WE RUSH HIM, THAT ARMOR GOT GOT TOPPLED OVER...R GHT?
RIGHT.

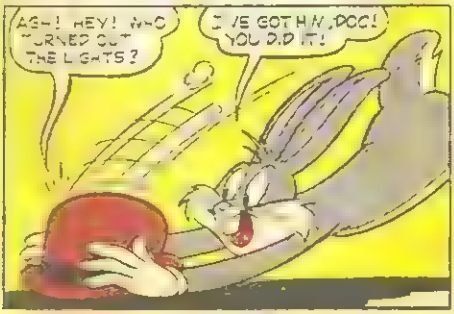

BUT IF YOU COULD DISTRACT LITTLE MILFORD LONG ENOUGH SO I COULD SNEAK UP BEHIND HIM...
DISTRACT HIM? IF HE SAW ME HE'D SUSPECT SOMETHING WIGHT AWAY!

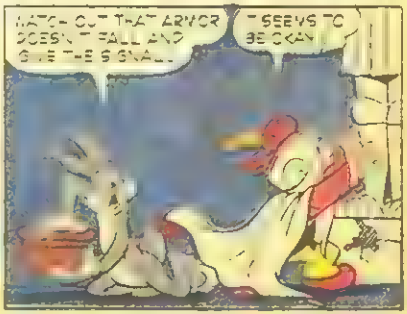
NOT IF HE THOUGHT YOU WERE JUST ONE OF THE OLD GHOSTS, BACK FOR ANOTHER STROLL... HENRY THE EIGHTEENTH FOR INSTANCE.
OH, NO! I COULDN'T!

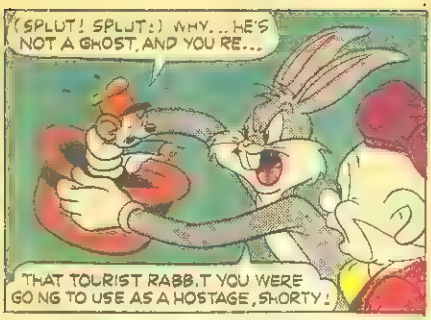

LOOK! SOME LADY TOURIST EVEN LEFT YOU THE MAKINGS OF YOUR GHOSTLY COMPLEX ONES! QUICK! GET INTO YOUR DUDS, HENRY!
OH, ME!

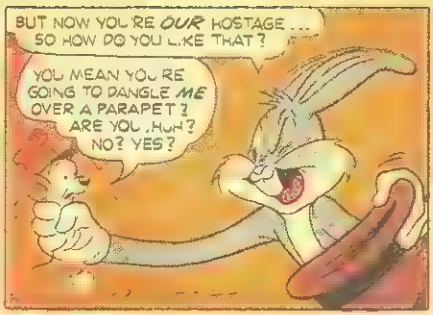
MOMENTS LATER...
WOO-OO-OO-O!
WHO DISTURBS THE ROYAL SLUMBERS OF ME, HENRY THE EIGHTEENTH?

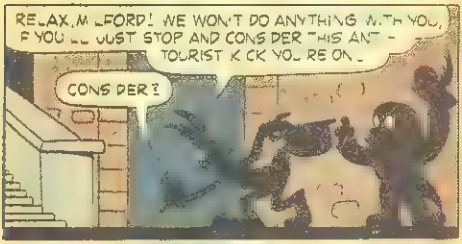
WE GHOSTS GET PRETTY PEEVED ABOUT LOUD NOISES AROUND HERE!
YOU DO?

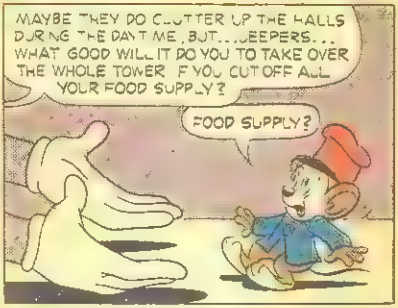

AGH! HEY! WHO TURNED OUT THE LIGHTS?
I'VE GOT HIM, DOC! YOU DID IT!

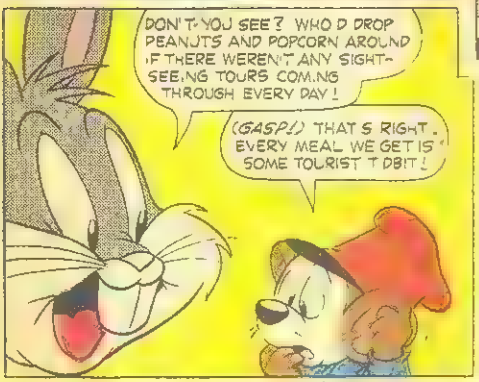

WATCH OUT THAT ARMOR DOESN'T FALL AND GIVE THE SIGNAL...
IT SEEMS TO BE OKAY

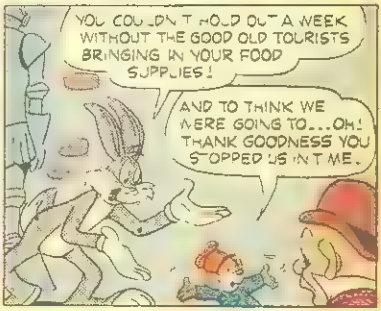

(SPLUT! SPLUT!) WHY...HE'S NOT A GHOST, AND YOU RE...
THAT TOURIST RABBIT YOU WERE GOING TO USE AS A HOSTAGE, SHORTY!

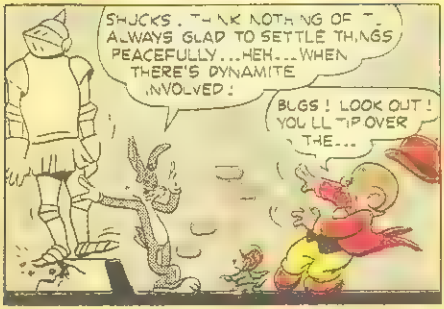

BUT NOW YOU'RE OUR HOSTAGE... SO HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT?
YOU MEAN YOU'RE GOING TO DANGLE ME OVER A PARAPET? ARE YOU, HUH? NO? YES?


RELAX, MILFORD! WE WON'T DO ANYTHING WITH YOU, IF YOU'LL JUST STOP AND CONSIDER THIS ANTI-TOURIST KICK YOU'RE ON...
CONSIDER?

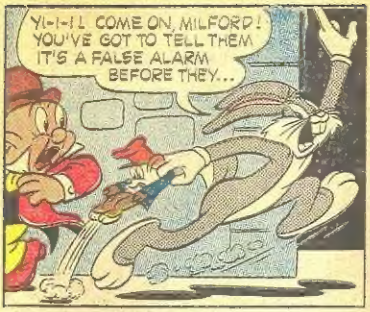

MAYBE THEY DO CLUTTER UP THE HALLS DURING THE DAYTIME, BUT...JEEPERS... WHAT GOOD WILL IT DO YOU TO TAKE OVER THE WHOLE TOWER IF YOU CUT OFF ALL YOUR FOOD SUPPLY?
FOOD SUPPLY?


DON'T YOU SEE? WHO'D DROP PEANUTS AND POPCORN AROUND IF THERE WEREN'T ANY SIGHT-SEEING TOURS COMING THROUGH EVERY DAY!
(GASP!) THAT'S RIGHT. EVERY MEAL WE GET IS SOME TOURIST TIDBIT!


YOU COULDN'T HOLD OUT A WEEK WITHOUT THE GOOD OLD TOURISTS BRINGING IN YOUR FOOD SUPPLIES!
AND TO THINK WE WERE GOING TO...OH! THANK GOODNESS YOU STOPPED US IN TIME.

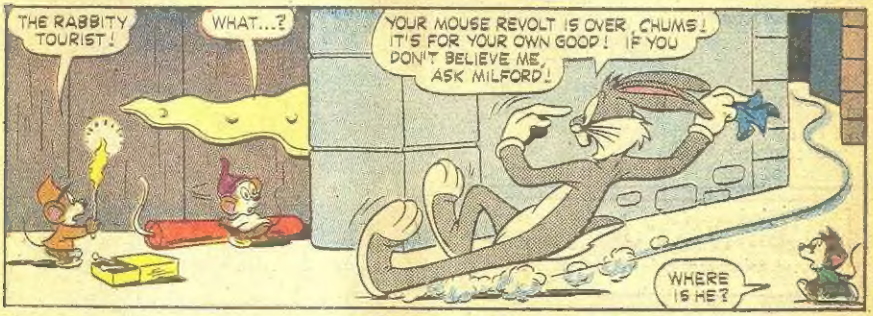

SHUCKS, THINK NOTHING OF IT. ALWAYS GLAD TO SETTLE THINGS PEACEFULLY...HEH...WHEN THERE'S DYNAMITE INVOLVED!
BUGS! LOOK OUT! YOU'LL TIP OVER THE...

CLANK!
CLANG! CLINK!
OH, NO. THAT'S THE SIGNAL FOR YOUR BOOM BOYS.


YI-I-I! COME ON, MILFORD! YOU'VE GOT TO TELL THEM IT'S A FALSE ALARM BEFORE THEY...

STOP, FELLOWS! DON'T!

THE SIGNAL DOESN'T COUNT, FELLOWS! IT WAS AN ACCIDENT!


THE RABBITY TOURIST!
WHAT...?
YOUR MOUSE REVOLT IS OVER, CHUMS! IT'S FOR YOUR OWN GOOD! IF YOU DON'T BELIEVE ME, ASK MILFORD!
WHERE IS HE?

WHAT HAVE YOU DONE WITH MILFORD?
AGH! I LOST HIM ON ONE OF THOSE LAST TURNS! BUT I'LL FIND HIM! DON'T DO ANYTHING...

CALL OFF THE BATTLE! HURRAY FOR THE TOURISTS! PEANUTS! POPCORN! CRACKERJACK!
GOLLY! THAT'S RIGHT!
THEY DO DROP A LOT OF GOODIES!

SEE WHAT I MEAN? YOU DON'T WANT TO CLOSE THE DOORS ON ALL THAT!
I ALSO JUST REALIZED WE'RE MIGHTY LUCKY THERE'S ANOTHER NICE THING ABOUT TOURISTS!
WHAT'S THAT, MILFORD?

FORTUNATELY...(SIGH!)... SO FEW OF THEM ARE RABBITS!

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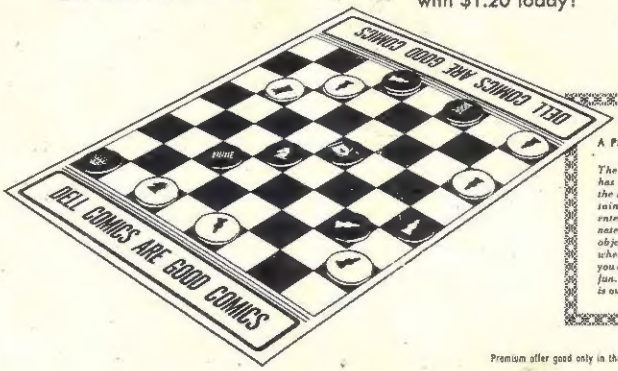


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# This is a Beaverbear

A beaverbear is always hungry as a bear for chewy Kraft Caramels and busy as a beaver 'cause, while he's eating one Kraft Caramel he's unwrapping another.

Two kinds. Chocolate or Vanilla. Take your choice in bars of 6 or get *both* in bags—they're a bargain either way!

*See Perry Como's Kraft Music Hall, NBC-TV, Wednesday Nights*

When it comes to candies Kraft puts more

YUM-IN-UM than anyone